

THE ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGIAN

JUNIOR COLLEGE MAGAZINE

MAY • JUNE



The
St. Joseph's Collegian
1934



Senior Issue

PUBLISHED BY THE GRADUATING CLASS
OF
ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE, COLLEGEVILLE, INDIANA

Dedication

THE class of 1934 regards it as a singular privilege to dedicate this, the Senior Issue of the St. Joseph's Collegian, to the Rev. Theodore Koenn, C. PP. S., M. A. Father Koenn's contacts with the class in his position as Professor of History and Director of Athletics have always been pleasant and in every way beneficial to those who were committed to his charge. In appreciation of the directions and instructions received from him, the class, therefore, in acknowledgment of his notable kindness, dedicates the final number of the Collegian to him.



Rev. Theodore Koenn, C. PP. S., M. A.

Foreword

THE purpose which the Collegian Staff has in view in presenting this number of the journal is to record in views as well as in written notices such items and features as are of interest to the students and patrons of St. Joseph's College. Furthermore, the number is intended to furnish the graduates of Nineteen Thirty-Four a pleasing memorial of their college days.

The St. Joseph's Collegian

May-June, 1934

Volume XXII.

Number Eight



Charter Member



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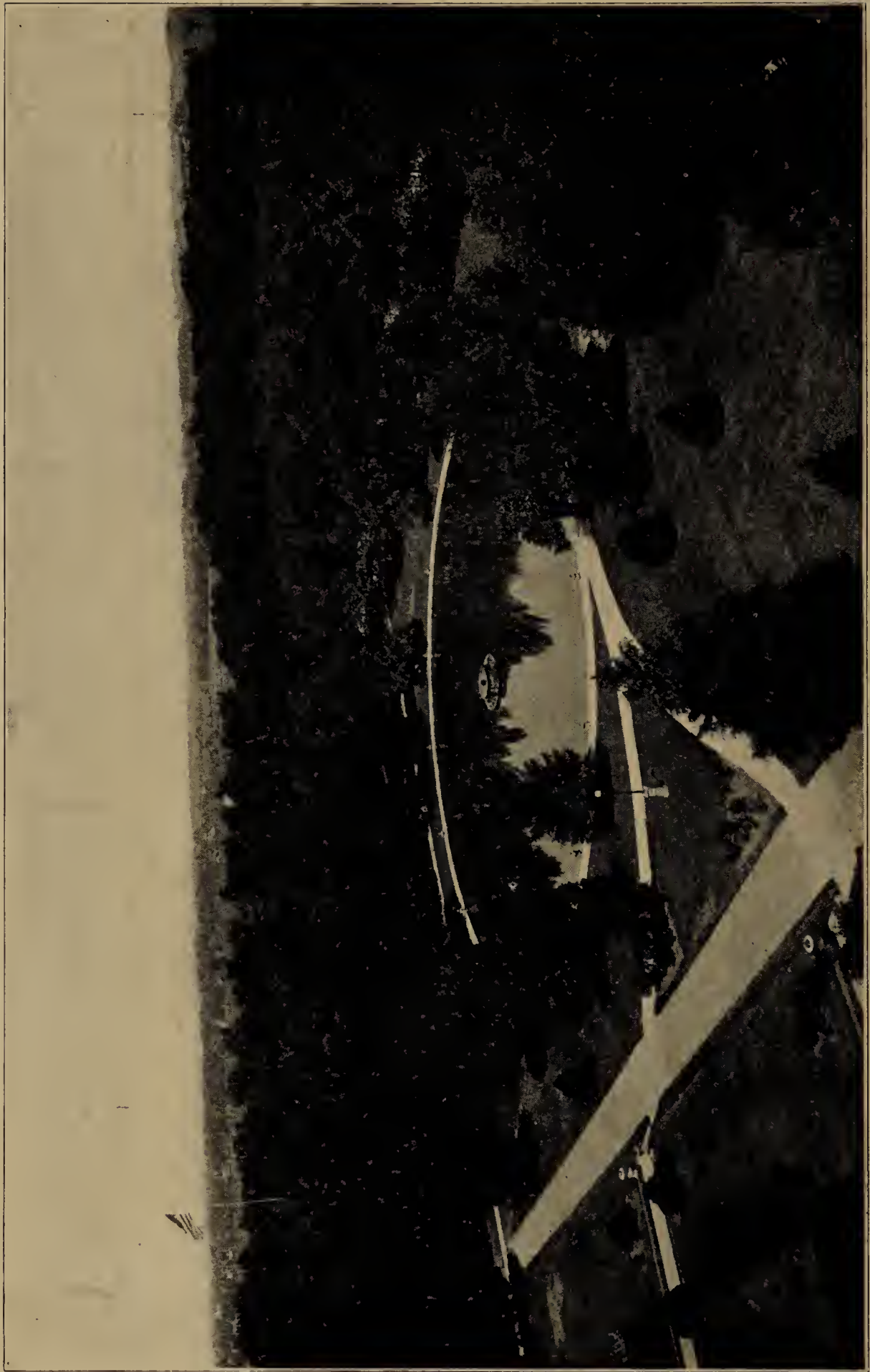
Sports

Humor

A decorative border in a light purple or blue ink. It features a central arch at the top and a matching arch at the bottom. The sides are straight but adorned with intricate scrollwork and floral patterns at the corners. The word "Scenes" is centered within this border.

Scenes





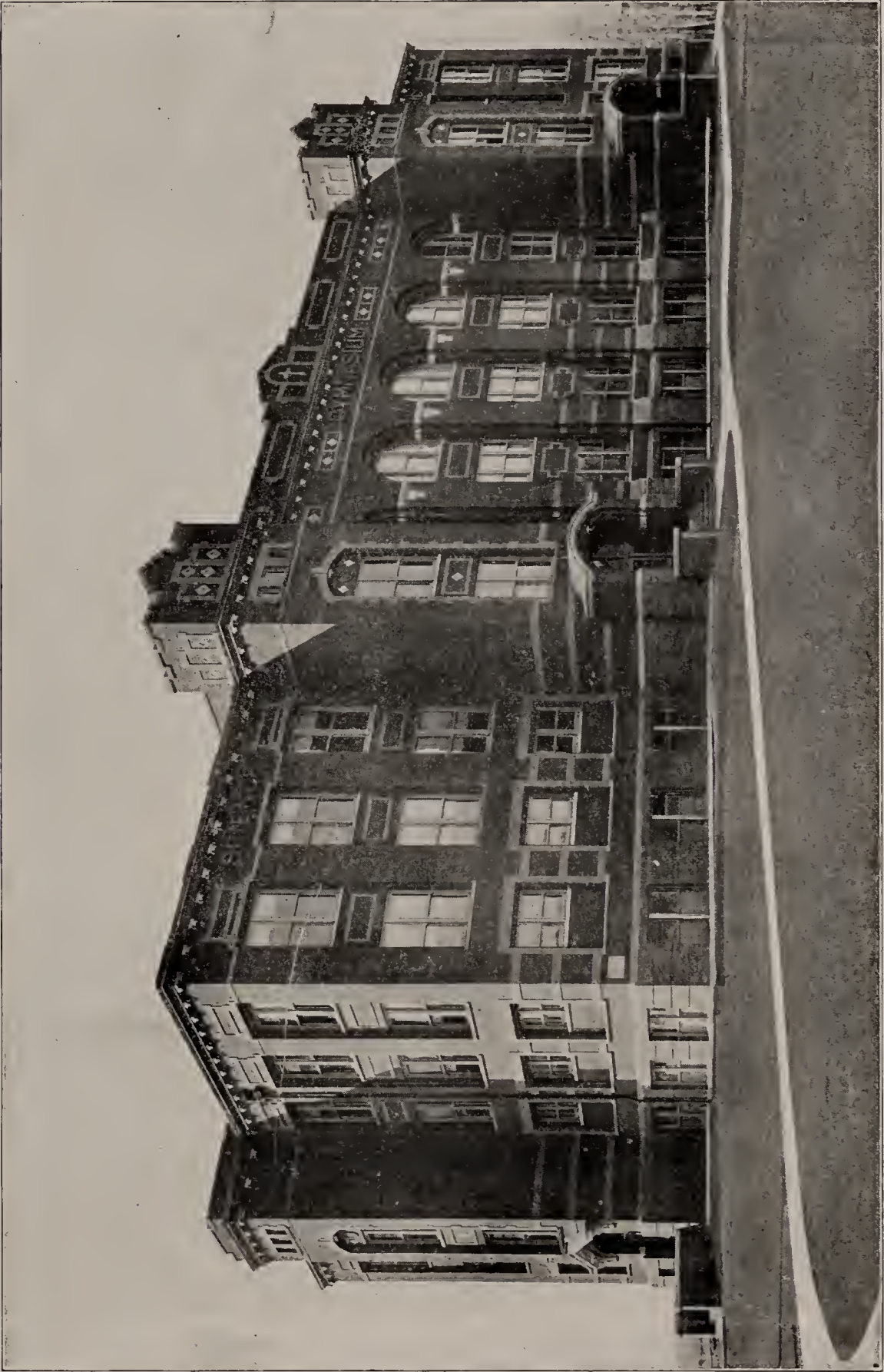
Bird's Eye View of Lake and Campus



Main Entrance



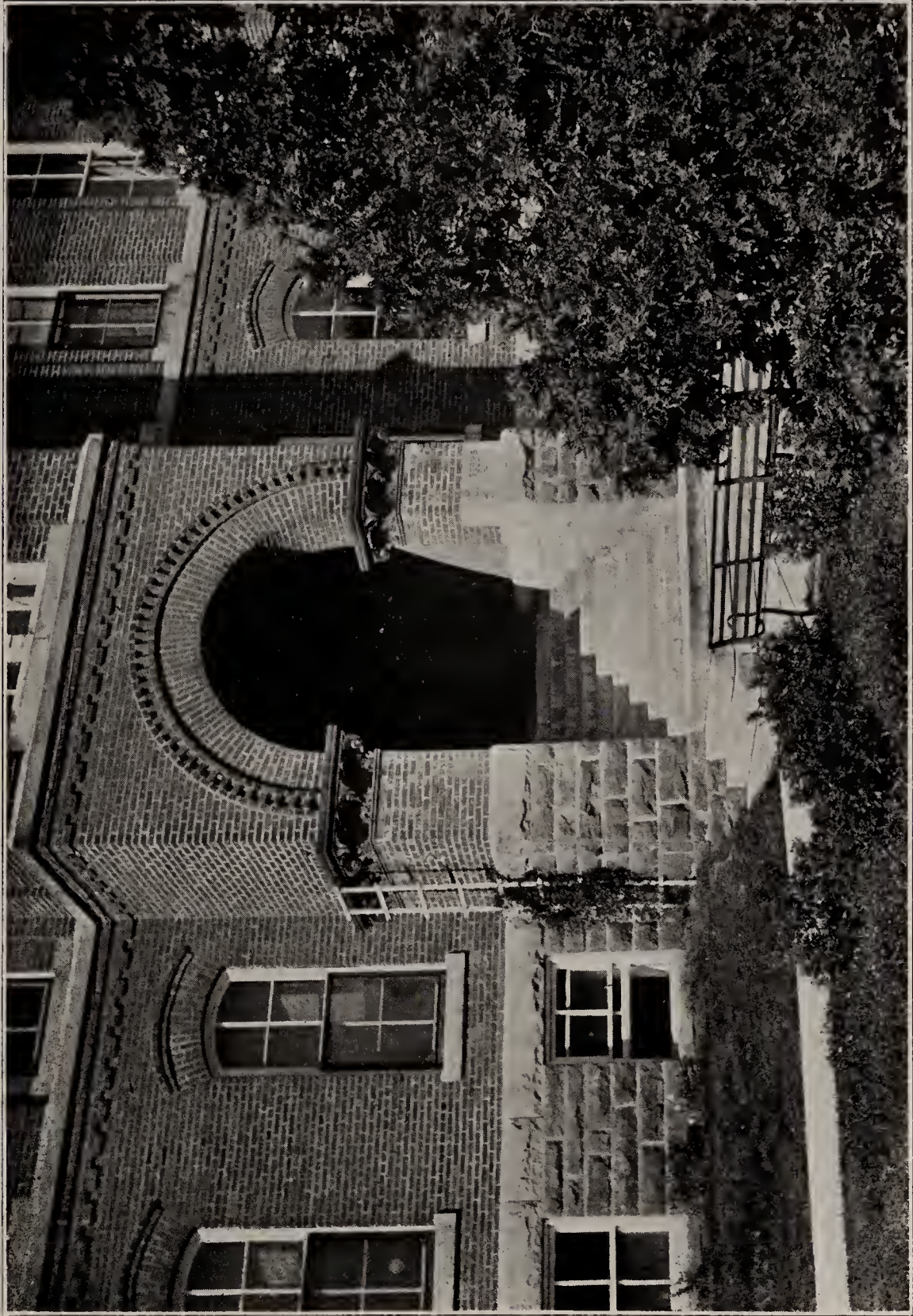
State Highway in Front of College



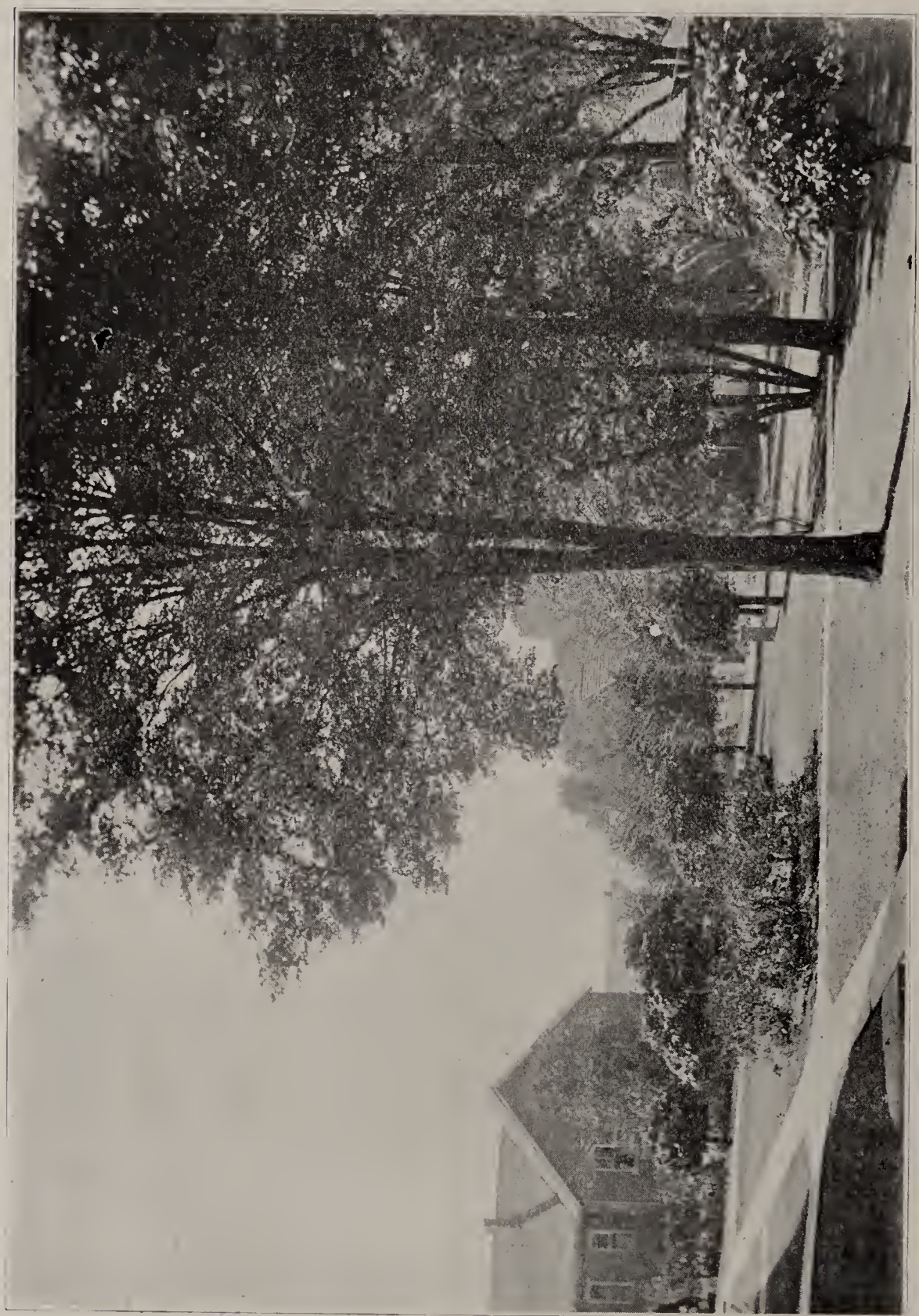
Gymnasium



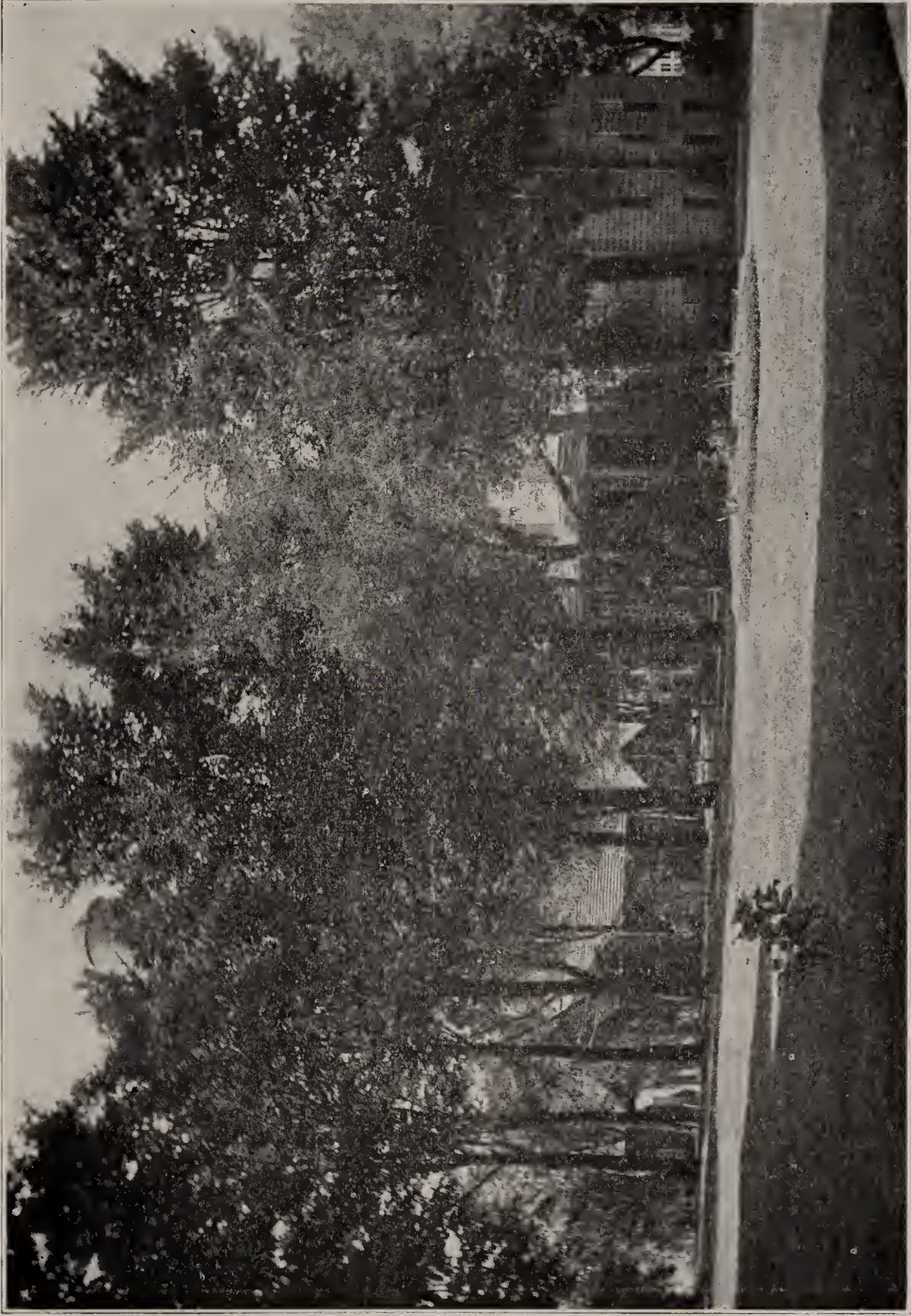
Main Building



Entrance to Main Building



Campus View



Infirmary



Fish Ponds



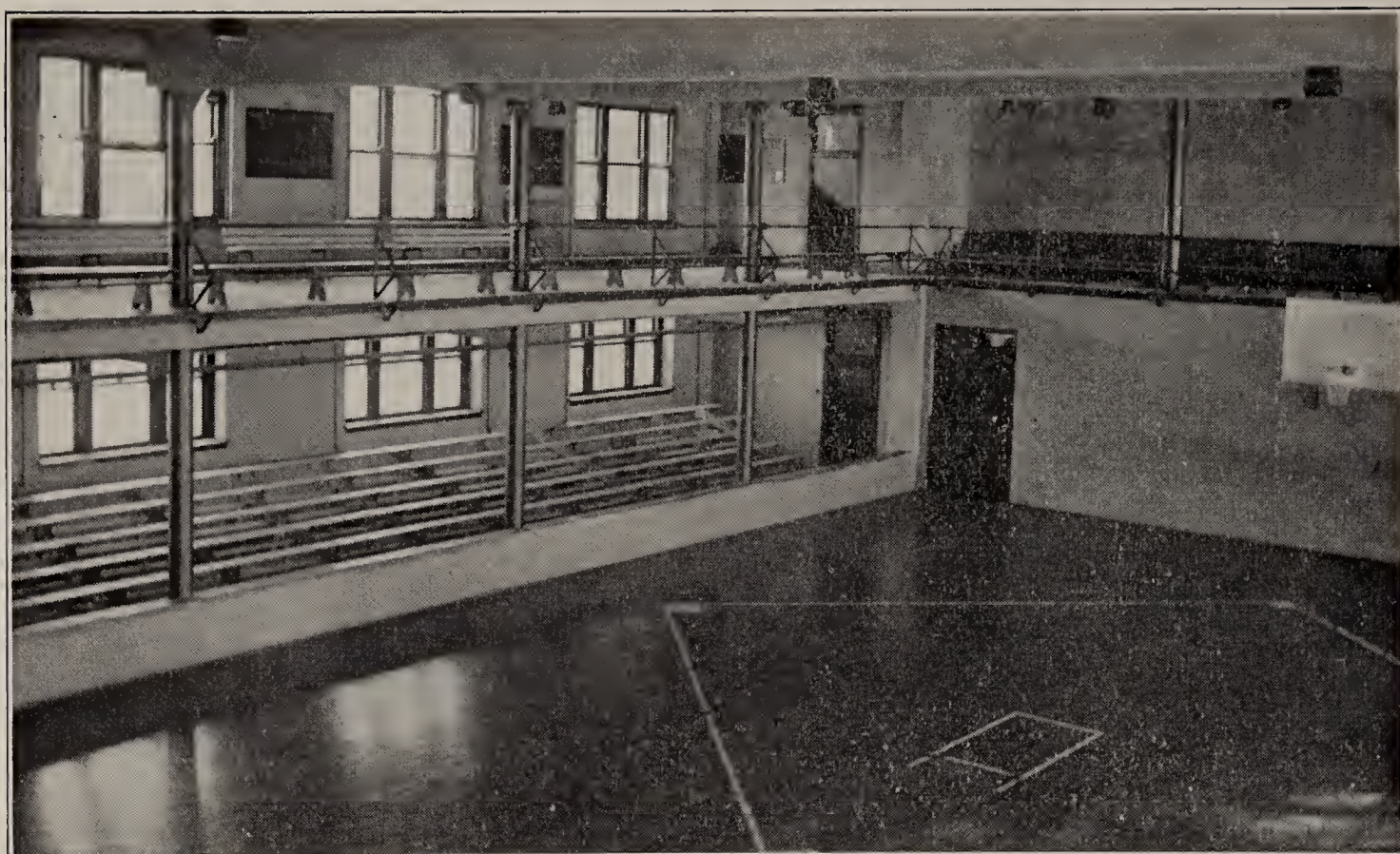
Campus Beauty Spot



Chapel and Main Building As Seen Across Lake



Interior of Chapel



Basketball Floor



Corridor View in Main Building

Graduates

Class Motto

"Qui Erimus Nunc Fimus"

Quis eruditus nesciat,
Ut vela dat, maris cursum
In quem regat naviculam?

Ex scholae portu identidem
Recte spectamus ad metam;
In fide et spe plenissima
Moramur nil, sed pergimus,
Ut finem quisque tangat hunc:
Salutem coeli in patria.

Non patitur naufragium
Undis, procellis, motibus,
Nec unquam stat, scientia
Cum Fide quem instituit.

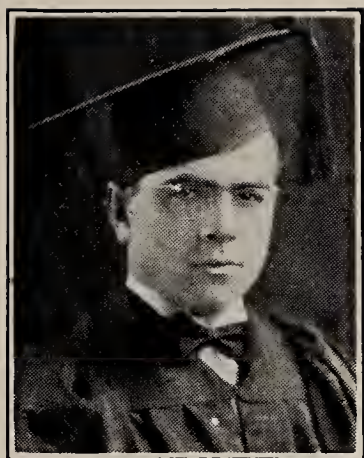
Fimus perinde omnes nunc
In mundo hoc qui erimus
Manebimusque jugiter,
Ut cum beatitudine
Simus in pace coeliti.

C. P. Petit '34



Joseph L. Allgeier

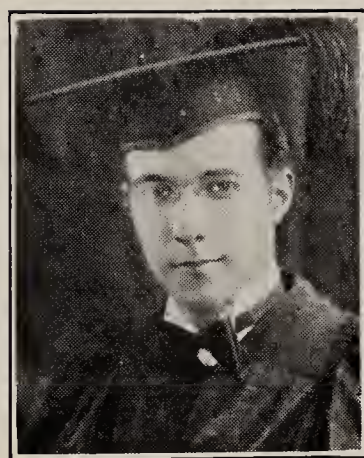
Ready smile....a confirmed
bibliophile appreciates
good literature....studious....
"Aw g'wan!".....Joe.



Dominic J. Altieri

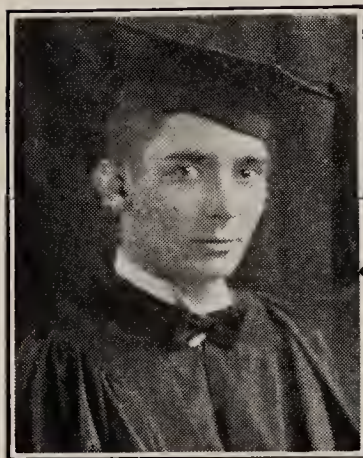
Boosts Italy....man of ex-
perience....lover of football
and plays it too....connois-
seur of wines....studies...."It
don't do me justice"....
Tierl.

'34



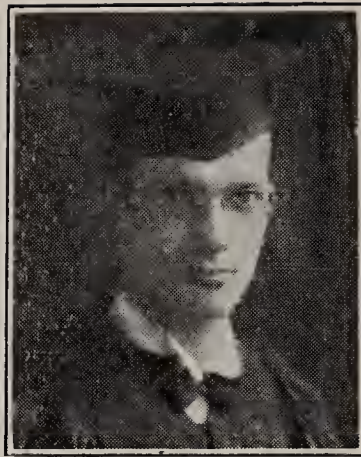
Louis J. Balbach

Has his own definite
views on every subject....
big hearted....a seasoned
philatelist...."Some of these
darn Irish!".....Louie.



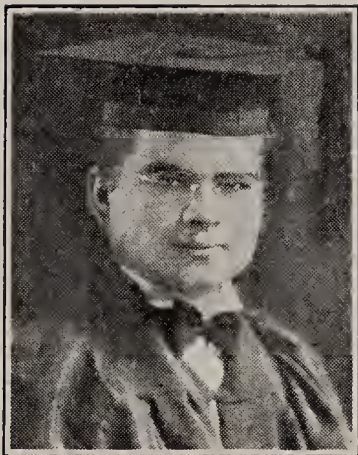
Chester B. Bowling

Novel ideas....has the per-
fect poker face....good gag
writer....bridge champion....
excellent critic...."Sure you
do!"....Ches.



Thomas E. Buren

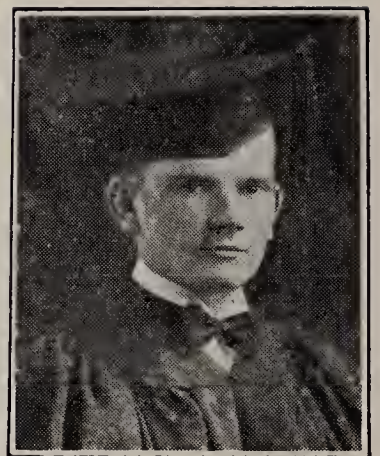
A serious man in a flip-
pant age....ambulatory ha-
bits....fresh air fiend....seeks
to promote temperance....
"Well, that's right, isn't
it?"....Tom.



William J. Conces

Hard to irritate....breaks
the scales above two hun-
dred, and every pound a
man....seldom idle...."Darn,
I don't know that stuff"
....knows it nevertheless....
Bill.

sJc



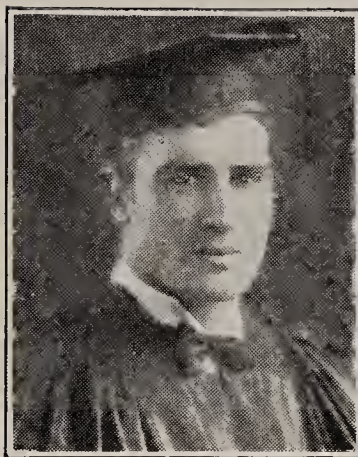
Stephen M. Cvaniga

Sometimes pensive; some-
times facetious—always is
agreeable....his tastes un-
sophisticated....the fly in
the ointment of tranquil-
lity...."You crazy guys!"....
Steve.



John A. Dalton

Suave....lets things come
and go as they may....
assuasive in speech....skill-
ed in fencing...."You don't
say!"....Johnnie.



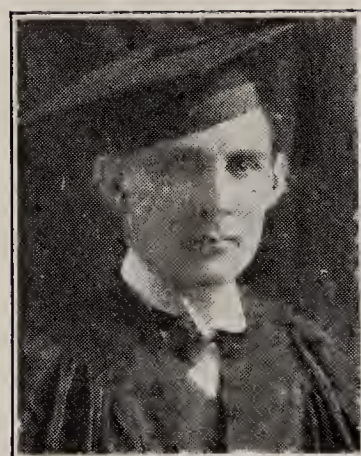
Gomar F. DeCocker
 Never swayed by popular
 opinion....courageous in ex-
 pressing his opinions and
 defending them....huge in
 bodily frame....enjoys al-
 tereation...."Is that right?"
 Cop.



Richard F. Dirksen

Quiet ways....persiflage is
 the farthest thing from
 his mind....a wan smile....
 disliked by no man....
 "What s the score?"....Dick

'34



Frederick D. Dober

Amiable....experienced hand
 at managing things....knaek
 of making friends....has a
 novel way of laughing....
 "Hi Shide!" (Seheidler)....
 Slider.



Herbert J. Eilerman

Anything but fastidious....
 at times seems lost in
 thought....a well developed
 body with a high pitched
 voice...."C'mon you guys!"
 Herb.

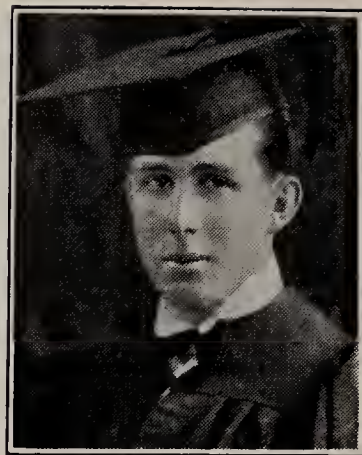


Edward W. Fischer
 Witty....enjoys life....draws
 (pictures)....at home on the
 stage....gets a kick out of
 saying nothings...."I have
 nothing more to say"....
 Chief.

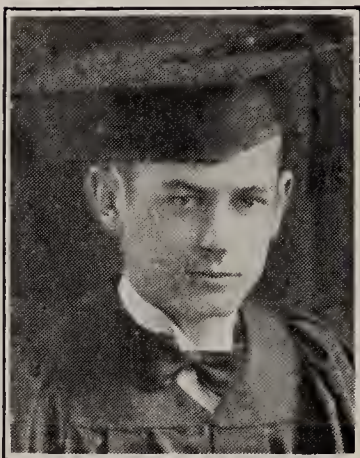


Joseph W. Fontana
 Athlete....plays football and
 basketball....works hard if
 necessary.... a variegated
 wardrobe.."There ain't any
 as good as Falls City"....
 Joe.

sJc



Frank M. Gannon
 Irish....jolly good fellow....
 quite a reader....has a
 wide appreciation likes
 open travel.."Hey Wimpy"
Pat.

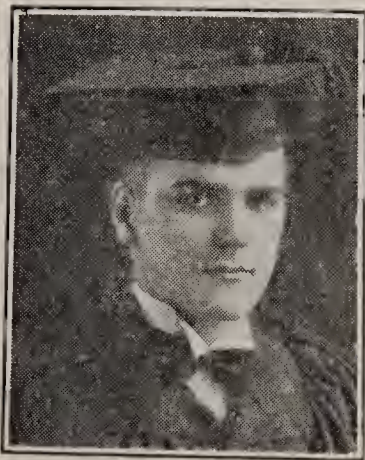


Aloysius C. Geimer
 Frank and open....takes it
 with a grin....gives it, too
has a concrete vocabu-
 lary....plays cards inces-
 santly....likes a good argu-
 ment...."If it ain't one
 thing, it's another"....Al.



John W. Hamme

A long tall boy....broad grin....speaks with a drawlnever known to be ostentatious...."Don't be so knibby"....Johnnie.



James F. Heckman

Willing worker....sometimes suffers from amnesia....a master at the great indoor sport of growing mustaches and cutting them off...."That's the same difference"....Jim.

'34



Alfred F. Horrigan

The old philosopher....tolerant....lets the world turn as it will....writes well....occasionally indulges in histrionics...."You are mad, quite mad"....Shad.



Richard J. Hoshock

A jolly good fellow....carries quite a bit of avoirdupois....studies hard....he knows the rules of courtesy yet can be pestering at times...."Honest t'gosh"Dick.



Herman J. Hoying

Known for his quiet ways
gentle but not dull....
 simple are his tastes....
 infinite patience.... "What
 s'matter?"Herm.



Myron G. Huelsman

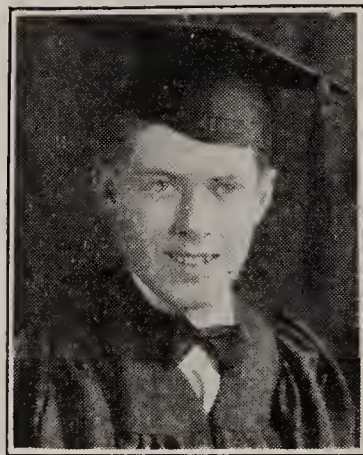
Pleasing personality....stu-
 dent of science....unassum-
 ing ways....makes good use
 of his time.... "You bet!"
Huelsie.

sJc



Joseph A. Jacobs

Kind heart....deep voice....
 knows his cue sticks....
 sprouts good ideas.... "Well
 now take me f'rinstance"
Joe.



Robert J. Kelley

Irish mug....laughing eyes
happy go lucky....excel-
 lent musician....razzes and
 gets razzed.... "You nasty
 man"Bob.



Charles J. Kelty
Has a great time doing
nothing....at times suffers
from a tinge of nostalgia
....a queer paradox of
credulity and doubt....is a
good mixer...."You're on
the wagon again"....Chuck.



Victor F. Kreinbrink

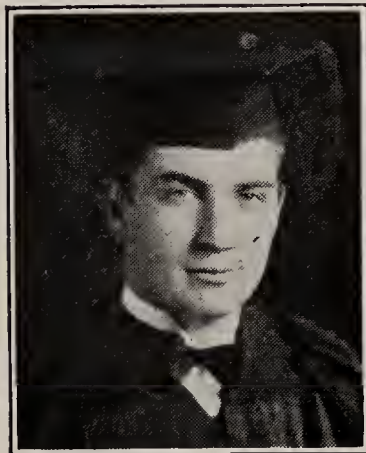
Ponderous in manner....is
cheerful....repeats himself
....carefree countenance....
"Is that a fact?"—Hicky.

'34



Rudolph G. Kuhn

A keen eye and a strong
arm....a man of few words
...."Jumpin' cats!"....Rudy.



Thomas J. McCrate

Tall....glowing countenance
....good fellow....likes his
sleep....pleasant and smooth
voice seldom hurries
"Imagine that!"....Tom.



J. William McKune

Versatile....adroit....musician
extraordinary moody....
as smooth as an Old Gold
...."Personally I think you
are nuts!"....Bill



Arnold J. Meiering

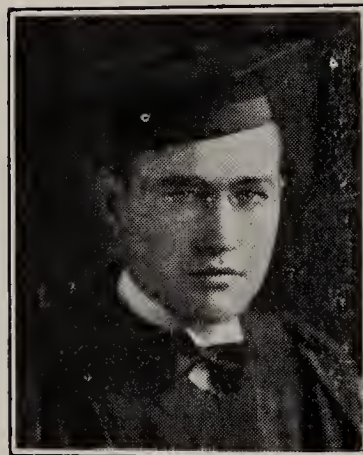
Slow of body, quick of
mind....baseball fan....gamb-
ling instinct...."I'll just bet
ya'"....Zev.

sJc



Anthony E. Migoni

Red topped....soft spoken....
well mannered.... a hard
worker is dependable....
reads and writes poetry....
"Well now listen"....Tony.



Henry B. Miller

Nebulous....likes to laugh....
built of parts....takes to
the golden mean gets
around...."Let's get out of
here"....Hank.



Vincent A. Nels

Steady hand, steady head
.... pleasing ways easily
trusted.... "Well, now I was
just thinking" Vince.

'34



Joseph D. O'Leary

A heart as big as his
corpulent body....warming
smile....clings to his pipe....
"Now I'm warnin' ya'
don't monkey around"....
Joe.



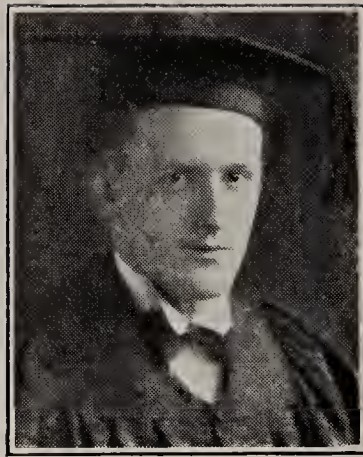
Dominic P. Pallone

Possesses leadership at
home in any company....
has the mind of a finan-
cier....egregious "What's
the matter, can't ya' take
it?"Dom.

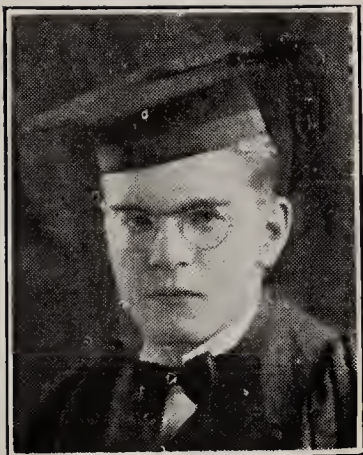


Julian F. Pank

Appreciates modernism....
definite opinions on all
subjects....fairness is his
motto....lover of music....
"The place is all right;
it's the fellows"Juliamus



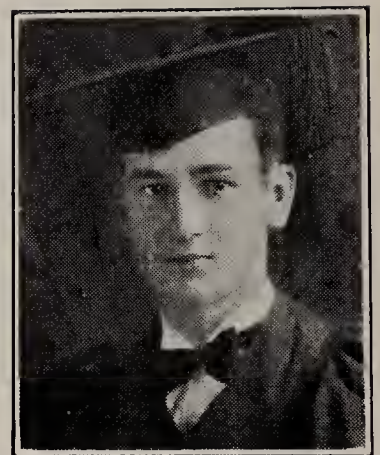
William H. Paik
Strives to please all; favors none in particular... roving imagination... an odd combination of seriousness and levity... pulling puns is his only evil... "Just suppose—"...Bill.



Clarence E. Pettit

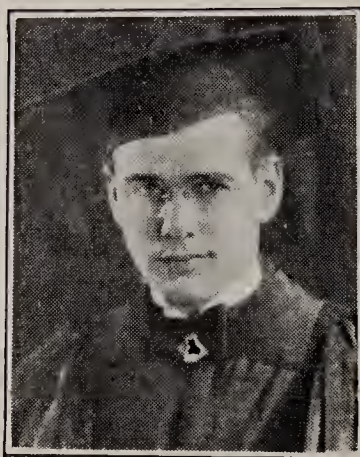
Rough in voice and manner... popularized the horse laugh... roams from sun up till sun down... entertaining... "Yeah man!"...Spitz.

sJc



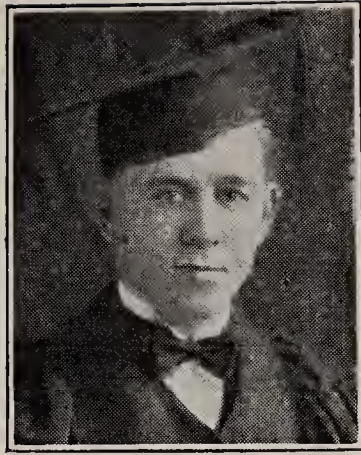
Clement P. Petit

Soft spoken... a faint smile on a stoic countenance... gentleman... steady worker... "I dunno"...Clem.



Henry F. Rager

Enthusiastic... in for most anything... has a good time no matter where he goes... unlucky at times... "Aw fizzle"...Hank.



Earl J. Rausch

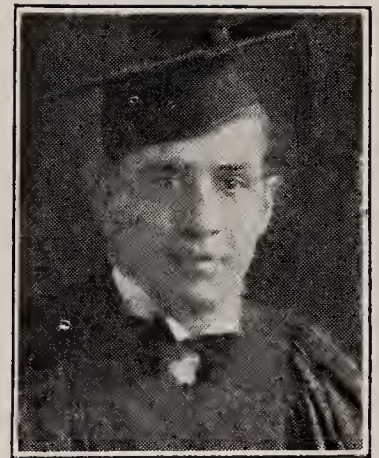
Credulous....takes studies
seriously; takes tennis
seriously; takes every-
thing seriously....“Come on,
catch on”....Schlage.

'34



Vernon J. Rosenthal

Genial....life of the crowd
....has what it takes to
get along....musically in-
clined....“After so long—”
....Red.



Charles F. Scheidler

Athletic....crooner....an up-
holder of neoteric ideas
....a radio, a cigarette, an
arm chair—paradise....“Hi
Slide!” (Dober)Rusty.



Eugene G. Scher

Peppy....quite mischievous
....has a way of acting
serious all of a sudden
....“How you talk!”....Putz.



Bernard C. Schmitt

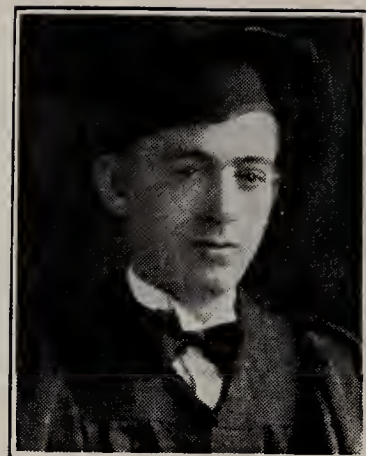
Manly....wields a wicked
bow (fiddle)....a frown for
every occasion "Baird
spilt it!"....Bennie.



John P. Sheehan

Tinkerer....fanciful.... thinks
of the queerest things....
starts laughing and has
a hard time stopping....
"Boys, I'm on a diet"....
Johnnie.

sJc



Michael J. Stohr

Makes friends easily....
speaks in jerky monosyl-
lables....a collector of trum-
pety.... "Huh?—What?— Oh
Yeah?"....Iggy.



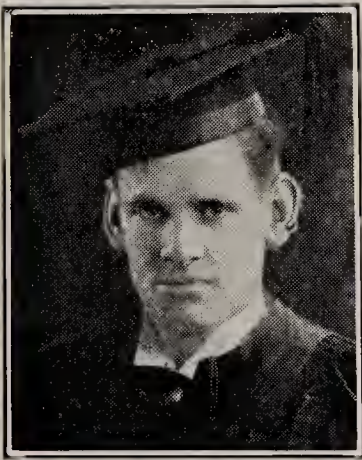
Michael A. Storm

Rough and ready....admired
by the younger boys....
makes procrastination a
specialty.... "Is zat so? '....
Mike.



Norbert A. Sulkowski

Artistic....a seasoned librarian and judge of books
....dependable...."Books in!"
....Norb.



Anthony J. Traser

Humorous....mime....a good singing voice....tap dancer
...."Did you ever hear the one about—?"....Tony

'34



Carl W. Vandagriff

A doubting Thomas....takes radio seriously....self made musician....a collegiate collegian...."Get Hal Kemp"
....Vandy.



Edmund Van Oss

Imaginative....amiable.... he studies aloud....impressionistic...."Who said so?"....Ed



Valerian J. Volin

Club man....rhythmic voice
.... airy disposition "All
out."....Val.



Frank M. Ward

Tranquil nature....conspic-
uous by his quiet ways....
willing to agree or dis-
agree with anything
"You're just fish, that's
all"....Frank.

sJc



Delbert L. Welch

Generous....ranting.... labors
under a multiplicity of
nicknames....a story for
every occasion "Now
Tieri is happy"....Dub.



Robert O. Wuest

Uses his books well....slow
in motion....a broad grin
topped by horn rimmed
glasses "Geebers!"
Oscar.

Class History

In the fall of the year 1928, seventy-one eager "freshies" enrolled as students at St. Joseph's. Observing that they set a record in numbers, they likewise sought to establish a record in ideals. The spirit of co-operation which quickly inspired them led to an early class meeting at which they chose leaders who in every respect proved worthy of the trust placed in them. Bernard Demars as president, and Charles Kelty as secretary developed an enthusiasm among the class members that never flagged during all the years that were to follow. A new precedent was set in class activities by holding a meeting every Sunday. At these meetings special entertainments were given. To make matters thoroughly interesting a class banquet was held in a down-town hotel at which a three-piece orchestra that was to become quite famous for its playing later on, gave its first musical entertainment.

In due course, the class numbered seventy Sophomores. The gavel was now entrusted to Herman Kirchner. As had come to be customary with them, the class continued to look forward towards doing things in a big way. Both in dramatics and on the campus they made themselves noticed. In order to forestall being forgotten in the run of years, they resorted to planting dozens of pine trees that are now growing nicely and bid fair to keep the memory of those who planted them green for decades to come.

A surprising boost came for the class when the third year suddenly brought an on-rush of newcomers that pushed the number on the class roster up to eighty-seven. There now was more than

ample chance to do things in a big way. The class had numbers, talents, and enthusiastic ideals. Besides these advantages, it received an excellent president in William McKune, who was aided materially in his work by Alfred Horrigan as secretary. As full-fledged Juniors they now sought to take an active hand in the major concerns of the student body. In the Mission Unit, they succeeded in having one of their number, Herman Kirchner, elected president. At their final meeting of the year, held in the college auditorium, they gave proof of their talent by staging a one-act comedy, "The Millionaire Janitor." If one may judge from the ovation that greeted this performance, it would have to be pronounced in every way creditable. The play gave good indications as to what might be expected of the class in the following year as members of the Newman Club.

The fall of 1932 saw the class re-enter the halls of their Alma Mater as academic Seniors. Determined as ever to meet with success in their undertakings, they searched out from themselves a young man who would direct their endeavors with spirit and care. To this end they chose Dominic Pallone as president and found him in every respect worthy of the confidence reposed in him. Equally creditable was their choice of a secretary-treasurer, namely, Joseph Allgeier. As members of the Newman Club and with one year of expression to their credit, they put their ability to the test in the comedy, "The Shooting of Dan McGrew." The entire cast received well-merited applause. On the campus they

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showed their stuff by winning four pennants. And now as the year closed every one in the class anxiously looked forward to the following fall when college studies would bring along the rating of college Freshmen.

To set new standards was the ambition of the Class of '34 once they found themselves in college work. Although they were designated as Freshmen, they were wiser now than they had been when first that rating was granted them in high school. Their objectives were more clearly seen, and their ideals took more definite shape. Former activities in student life became more pronounced with a view to take the initiative when and wherever possible. An altogether new feature was developed by the class in giving the graduates of '33 a farewell banquet. Whatever talent the class possessed was brought into action at this banquet in order to make it a thoroughly pleasant event.

At length the sixth and last year for the class of '34 hove into view. On a Sunday afternoon, in the fall of '33 the Very Rev. Rector of St. Joseph's called a class meeting for the purpose of organizing the Seniors into a special group, the group known as graduates-to-be. At this meeting the class presidency was conferred upon Thomas Buren, while the office of class secretary was given to Dominic Pallone. All was now set for the final dash. Good will, enthusiasm, and determination, a trio of significant words that might very well have been chosen as a class motto, were always in evidence, for all that these words imply was kept in view by the entire class as days, weeks, and months of their final school year passed on-

ward. The major activities of the college societies now fell to their share, and in the approval which they have received for the work done, they feel certain that they have acquitted themselves nobly in the tasks committed to their charge. But all was not work for them; several very enjoyable little fetes were celebrated as distinctive class affairs.

At a meeting held later in the year, class colors, the class flower, and the class motto were chosen. By almost unanimous choice the class colors became scarlet and white; the class flower, scarlet carnation; the class motto, "Qui Erimus Nunc Fimus." With these decorations as ornaments, and with the class motto as an ideal, the class hopes to advance gloriously to its honors on Commencement Day. That it will reach the expected honors is amply sure from its past record. To give evidence once more of their good will towards their Alma Mater, they arranged a Senior-Night program in Alumni Hall, on Sunday evening, May 6. On this occasion, "The Burning of Rome," written by Edward Fischer; and a "magician act", together with a "comic quartette," both written by Anthony Traser were mingled with other items for entertainment. The class feels particularly proud that two of its members, Fischer and Traser, could offer original productions for public use at this performance.

With the work of the senior year done, and in the assured feeling that the class of '34 has pushed standards just a little higher in all college activities at St. Joseph's, there is a calm, but eager, looking forward on their part to the exercises of Commencement Day. This day

Classes

will bring its exceptional joys, but these joys will end in a farewell to Alma Mater; yet not in a farewell that implies oblivion. St. Joseph's, where the class of '34 acquired its thirst for knowledge, learned the meaning of true friendship,

and closed its days with feelings of sincerest gratitude, will always be remembered. Even so are the class members resolved to remember one another with personal and mutual interest in the motto, "Qui Erimus Nunc Fimus."



Valediction

M. J. Stohr '34

V-alediction, word that ends
A-cademic days and years:
L-eaving books and classic halls
E-'er life's toils began to thrall:
D-ays now past with days to come
I-ncreasing years shall form anon:
C-ontented souls, though old they grow
T-hrough life's full time shall never part
I-n kindly deeds and friendly hearts
O-f pain and grief there is no thought
N-ow that we part 'au revoir'.



COLLEGE FRESHMEN

Thoroughly Collegiate

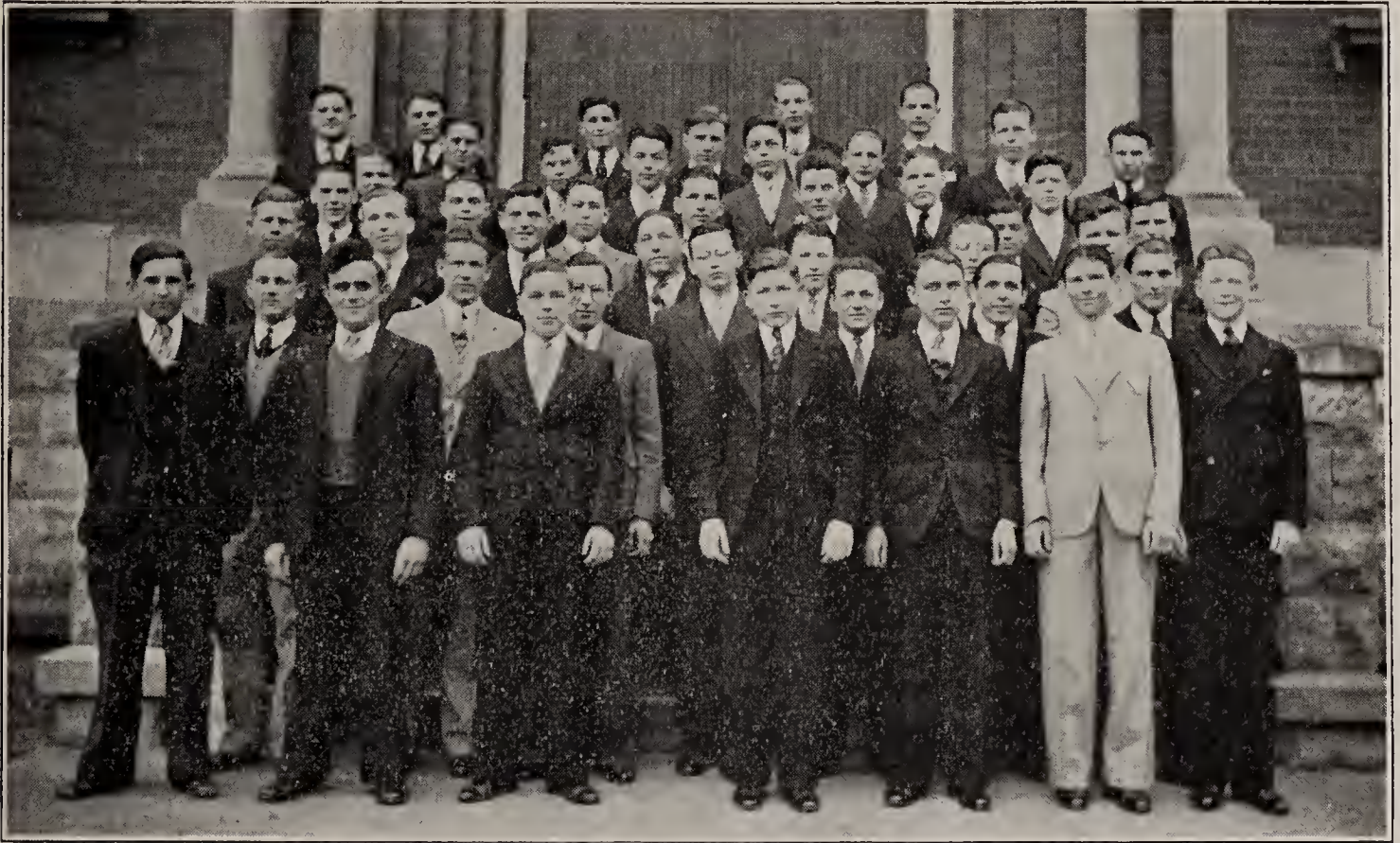
With college branches as a daily routine, and with a large share of general school activities on their hands, the class of '35 is endeavoring to show outstanding merit in all its undertakings. On all occasions it seeks to manifest an ardent school spirit by acting harmoniously in solving the problems, both scholastic and social, that present themselves. Not at all wanting in leadership, the class finds that the election of officers presents little difficulty. Very fortunate, however, was the choice of John Elder as class President, for, by his wide-awake disposition, he has continually urged the class to do its best.

The College Band and Orchestra have

drawn heavily on the class for musicians. Besides giving help in music, it devotes much of its spare time to social engagements. Among these are dramatics and literary programs. It has likewise proved its talent in many informal entertainments. As members of the C. L. S. and the Glee Club it strives to meet every requirement, and not to be outdone in athletics is its secret ambition.

Since many of its members will be on the Collegian Staff for next year, the class as such feels happy in the hope that in its hands the Collegian will reach a higher standard than ever before achieved by this journal.

Classes



HIGH SCHOOL SENIORS

Tomorrow's Collegiates

Much promise for the future is characteristic of these Academic Seniors. They have already given clear indication of their ability in work as members of the Newman Club. Besides, they show a good rating in scholastic labors. By careful choice, they have succeeded in selecting such leaders for themselves as will insure progress in all their activities. With confidence in their ability they look forward to the new tasks that college standing will bring with itself. If the ideas of their President, who is easily discernible by his looks in the picture, will be carried out, there will be much doing at St. Joseph's in coming years.

A spirit of co-operation is visible among them. In games of the indoor and outdoor kind, they show that they are determined to hold together for the honor and advantage of their group. They are, however, ready to lend a helping hand wherever needed. Hence it is that many of them are to be found in the College Choir and in the Glee Club. Then, too, without their cheering at intercollegiate games, general enthusiasm would be much dampened. With recognized talent and energy at their disposal, they have reasons to entertain well-founded and lofty hopes.



HIGH SCHOOL UNDERCLASSMEN

Vitality In Plenty

With much spirit and business ability evident in their officers, these Academic Underclassmen use every opportunity to make themselves conspicuous whether it be in the school halls or on the campus. Anybody who has witnessed their activities during the past year, will admit that they are striving to make a lasting impression by applying themselves with energy and good cheer to the work that is required of them.

Already many among them are showing ambition to become members of the

College Band and Orchestra. That a berth on the Varsity is an objective with every one of them may readily be inferred from the interest taken in games whenever it is their turn to hold the basketball floor or the baseball diamond. With voices still somewhat shrill, they give flavor and relish to the "boos" and "cheers" that mix with the yells in athletic bouts. If they will hold to their resolves to increase in knowledge as well as in bodily strength, they will quickly realize the ideals which they have set for themselves



Organizations



Organizations



First Row—Nels, Hession, Altieri, Rosenthal, Volin, Welch, Allgeier, and Traser.
Seated—Suelzer, Pallone, Business Manager; Horrigan, Editor; Fontana, McKune,
and Conces.
Second Row—McCarthy, Quinn, Scheidler, Geimer, Vandagriff, and Bowling.
Last Row—Sulkowski, W. Pank, Ottenweller, Samis, and Fischer.

The Collegian Staff

Not only does the Staff of the St. Joseph's Collegian feel that it has held to the standards of previous years in editing the journal, but it also has reasons to believe that by giving the required time and attention to the work in hand, it has improved the publication in both appearance and contents. The numerous favorable criticisms that have come during the past year regarding the journal amply justify this statement. Among the features that were particularly noted by readers are the "Eddie Williams Stories." These stories were written jointly by two Staff members, Edward

Fischer and William McKune. Furthermore, by untiring work, the Editor, Alfred F. Horrigan and the Business Manager, Dominic Pallone, have secured a rating for the Collegian that is evidently gratifying.

In the fall of the present school year, The National Catholic Press association bestowed "All Catholic" honor rating on the Collegian, while the National Scholastic Press Association awarded "First Class" honor rating. These high honors the Staff members of the Collegian have sought to maintain likewise for the present year.

The St. Joseph's Collegian



Seated—C. Bowling, A. Traser, N. Sulkowski, President; D. Altieri, President; R. Baird, and V. Nels.

Standing—J. Samis, V. Rosenthal, E. Fischer, T. Buren, W. Conces, C. Petit, and J. Fontana.

The Columbian Literary Club

Holding the senior position among the societies at St. Joseph's, the Columbian Literary Society leads in the work of providing entertainment. At intervals during the school year the members of this Society appear in plays, both serious and comic, to their own advantage in histrionics and to the delight of audiences. By means of frequent lit-

erary programs comprising speeches, debates, recitations, the Society offers excellent practice in public speaking and in other elocutionary exercises. Father I. J. Rapp, C. PP. S. holds the moderatorship of the Society. The presidents during the first and second semesters of the past school year were Dominic Altieri and Norbert Sulkowski respectively.

Organizations



Seated—J. Bruskotter, R. Anderson, President; D. Muldoon, President; E. Bubala, and F. Schroeder.

Standing—J. O'Connor, T. Doody, C. Wakefield, H. Gzybowski, A. Gamble, W. Fath, and J. Heidgerken.

The Newman Club

The name, Newman Club, at once stirs up recollections of the great Cardinal-litterateur of English letters. Spurred on by the renown associated with the name of its patron, the Club strives to foster love for letters in its members. Under the leadership of its two very able presidents for the past school year, Roman Anderson and Donald Muldoon, each holding the presidency for a semester, the Club has given repeated evidence of exceptional literary and dra-

matic talent. It holds its bi-weekly meetings at which debates, monologues, together with public readings, take place. In two public appearances, namely, "The Silent Shape" and "Three Taps at Twelve," the Newmanites, as the club members are usually called, did lasting credit to themselves. The Rev. I. J. Rapp, C. PP. S., Moderator of the C. L. S., likewise fills the same office for the Newman Club.



First Row—J. Penney, J. Heckman, President; Rev. Cyril Knue, C. PP. S., Moderator; E. Fischer, and E. Hession.
Second Row—G. DeCocker, J. Quinn, C. Bowling, A. Migoni, and V. Nels.

The Dwenger Mission Unit

The Dwenger Mission Unit, directed by Rev. Cyril Knue, C. PP. S., is affiliated with the general Students' Mission Crusade. Its purpose is to promote the material and spiritual welfare of home and foreign missionary activities. At the regular monthly meetings, Catholic Action is fostered by educational programs.

Considerable financial aid, raised by

means of membership dues and by a successful annual festival, has been extended in the course of the past year to various missionary undertakings. The members of the Unit feel a just pride in the work they have done. By their efforts their organization has been enabled to assume a prominent position among the societies at St. Joseph's. May the Unit always be successful!

Organizations



Seated—Rager, Altieri, Scheidler, President; Fontana, Secretary; DeCocker.
First Row—Gannon, La Noue, Horrigan, Penney, Samis, Heckman, Downey, Sheehan.
Second Row—Traser, McKune, Hession, Hartlage, Dreiling, Bisig, and O'Grady.
Last Row—Petit, McCrate, Bierberg, Shank, Conces, and Migoni.

The Monogram Club

Situated in the comfortable northwest corner of the gymnasium building is the "J" room of what is popularly known at St. Joseph's as the Monogram Club. The room is a delightful lounging place in spring and fall and a cozy habitat during the dreary days of mid-winter.

In membership the Club, though it is a brand new creation, has reached the half hundred mark. It even registers

Alumni as members with the title 'honorary'. In every sense of the word, the Club is an exclusive affair, for it receives only such applicants into membership who have earned distinction in athletics. Its President, Charles Scheidler, has taken the lead in organizing the Club. In this work he was ably seconded by Joseph Fontana, the present Secretary. In the history of St Joseph's, the two gentlemen mentioned will naturally go on record as the founders of the Club.



S. Cvaniga, G. DeCocker, V. Volin, President; J. Jacobs, G. Krapf, and J. O'Leary.

The Raleigh Club

Though not the oldest society at St. Joseph's, the Raleigh Club is the most popular. At no time do the students appear more hilarious than when they are in the club rooms of this organization. The director of the Club, The Rev. John Schon, C. PP. S., and the president for the past year, Mr. Valerian Volin, by their excellent management have provided much enjoyable entertainment and real happy times for the club members.

Though the programs given by the Club have not been particularly numerous, they were in every way most successful. Variety above all else came to be the big factor in the entertainments of the Raleighites in the course of the past year. Seldom has there been so much unusual talent at hand to provide amusement as there was from 1933 to '34 in the ranks of this Club.

Organizations



The College Choir

Altogether creditable is the singing done by the College Choir during the past year. The Rev. Joseph Hiller, C. PP. S., the director, and Professor Paul C. Tonner, the organist, by their persistent efforts have developed a choir that can render both choral and polyphonic music with great perfection. Rather difficult musical selections, both in Masses and hymns, may be found among the numbers which the choir is able to sing with readiness and skill.

What the choir can do in secular

songs is annually demonstrated in connection with the Musicale exhibition. On the occasion of this musical program for this year, it will sing "Sylvia," "Liebestraum," "Drink Song," and "It Was Not To Be." With these songs on its list, it hopes to give able support to the Glee Club in the big performance on the eve of Commencement Day. The renditions of the choir have always been welcomed with enthusiasm; hence at any time a real treat is expected when it appears on a program of song and music.

The St. Joseph's Collegian



THE ORCHESTRA



THE CONCERT BAND

Organizations



The Glee Club

Though often tried before, yet without lasting success, the Glee Club has now come to be a permanent institution at St. Joseph's. Under the direction of Professor Paul C. Tonner, the Club has suddenly sprung into such prominence that a part has been assigned to it in the annual Musicale, an exhibition of musical talent that will allow only what is excellent to share its program. At

this time the Club will try to give proof of its ability by rendering the "Serenade" from the opera, "The Student Prince."

Credit for establishing and promoting the Glee Club belongs to Professor Paul C. Tonner, organist and instructor in music at St. Joseph's College. The Club hopes to achieve real distinction in due time, and it will put forth its best efforts to that purpose.

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The Singing Brooklet

J. W. Hamme '34

A little brooklet frisked along
Beside a woodland's berm;
It sparkled in the morning light
As over pebbles clean and bright
It rippled to the sea.

It caught the rays
That flamed across the skies
And with its magic touch
Transformed them into rainbows gay
That played 'twixt light and shade.

Like silver string on Nature's harp
So small the little brooklet seemed
Its murmurings melted into song
As all day through it ran along
To reach the open sea.

Its banks were hemmed with blossoms small
That dipped their bobbing heads
Into its silvery sheen,
Then rose again and stood erect
To let their liquid diamonds gleam.

And o'er it flew the feathered folk
In colors blue and green
And shook from out their little throats
To imitate the brooklet's notes
In forest-wild serenade.

All Nature loved this June surprise
The little brooklet gave
By weaving into symphony
The song of the birds, the lisping breeze
And its own melody.

Thus singing through the sunny days
And through the star lit nights
The brooklet chorused on its way
(Qui Erimus, Nunc Fimus)
Until it reached the sea.

A decorative border in a muted blue-grey color frames the page. It features a central arch at the top and bottom, with ornate, scroll-like corner pieces. In the center of the page, below the title, is a small, stylized red floral ornament with three leaves and a central stem.

Literature

The Poet of Experiences

Edward Maziarz '35

First Prize, Alumni Essay Contest

FOR only a short period of time the Muses twanged the living lyre of Rupert Brooke. On the battle fields of the World War his budding inspiration was touched by the chilling hand of death before it could open into bloom. But even in the bud his emotions promised so much excellent fruit that the hopes that were so eagerly entertained in regard to Brooke were not totally disappointed. Though youthful in mind and body, his emotional life as reflected in his poetry had ripened into wisdom by the heated experiences of war. That further emotional development would have come to him in advancing years, may very well be questioned, for in his lines there is a maturity of feeling which added age could hardly have improved. Well might a man past middle life have penned the lines that indicate the flight of love as Brooke did in the "Great Lover" where he says of love and loves:

"Nor all my passion, all my prayers
have power
To hold them with me through the gate
of death."

But if age alone was wanting to Brooke, something that has been found to be insignificant in the lives of many who rightly lay claim to greatness, then it may well be expected that lines of enduring quality will be found in his poetry. That such is the case requires no further proof than a glancing acquaintance with his sonnets entitled "1914." In these sonnets he rises to Shakespearean heights in the vigor of expression.

The real marrow of thought is extracted by the words in such lines as:

"If I should die, think only this of me;
That there's some corner of a foreign field
That is forever England——."

If there is a spark of patriotism in the heart of any one who reads these lines, then the thrill which they evoke will be recognized as belonging to the best that poetry can give. Here is an epitome of all that is true and noble in the mind of him who thinks, that beyond question, the cause he has espoused in a great conflict is just and deserving of undying fame. Hence the noticeable strain of exaltation, of inspired enthusiasm, of unselfish ardor in the sonnets, "1914" from which these lines have been taken. In his hands they become a trumpet by which he sounds the martial airs that fired the young men of his own kind at the opening of the World War in 1914. To him all was glory; disillusionment such as his comrades experienced later did not enter into his life. Death was merciful enough to allow him to pass through its gates before he might be constrained to despise the poems he had written. Not that there is wanting to them a true poetic quality, but their sentiment would not have braved the force of disillusionment that followed in the inglorious aftermath of that war.

While Brooke sang, however, there was glory for the soldier; there was glamor in warfare; there was honor in dying for the cause that was heralded

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from end to end of the earth as the noblest ever conceived by man since the days of Marathon. Like at Marathon, civilization was said to be at stake in 1914, and to make it safe was regarded as worth every sacrifice that blood, wounds, and death might entail. It was in such an atmosphere that Brooke sang, and to understand his poems correctly, the source of his inspiration must be held in mind. Men considerably older than he, sang in an atmosphere charged with the same inspiration. John McCrae in his popular lyric "In Flanders Fields" gives evidence of an enthusiasm nothing short of anything that Brooke set to poetry. If men older than he could be deceived as to the vaunted glory of war, then surely there is much excuse for Brooke to revel with the same Muse though her inspiration may be bizarre.

Aside from the sonnets, "1914," Brooke has written much poetry that is inviting because of its gaiety and spontaneous emotion. But it is in poems that recall the more earnest and somber aspects of life that he is at his best. Thus in "The Funeral of Youth," he lumps together in one poetic outburst the sorrow, the pity, the coldness of the grave, and the desperate fate, that one and all appear so shocking when youth is blighted by the hand of death just as it is opening into promise for deeds worth while and for a life of beauty. If he had lived to witness his own early funeral, he could not have described the scene more perfectly. But even in poems of this kind, he does not commit himself to a dull thudding sadness devoid of any ray of joy. Here, as always in his poems, laughter and grief; joy and sorrow stand side by side. Hence it is not

surprising to find him foil the mourner's sorrow at a youth's funeral by such lines as follow:

"And Spring came too,
Dancing over the tombs, and brought
him flowers—
Oh, never doubt but somewhere I shall
wake."

If the poetry of Brooke were to be evaluated, one might say a classical quality is noticeable throughout, a particular excellence that is so perfect that progress in years would hardly have enhanced it. But the range of his poetry is narrow. Probably his brief life is responsible for this deficiency. He is said to be a poet of experiences, and the brief span of existence allotted to him, though colored by multiform and exciting experiences, naturally precluded that broad outlook upon the vista of life which age alone can give. But he shows a good grasp on such items as the soldier, the lover, the man, and the thinker. With each of these he associates the sentiment of joy and sorrow, and the idea of kindness and personal worth. In kind, his poetry is a lyrical cry given in thrilling cadences that throb with the feelings which lie close to the heart of every young man. In their beauty, completeness, and originality, his poems are quite charming and reflect in line upon line the shimmering brilliancy of strong and youthful emotions. It is maintained that the "light that was Rupert Brooke's personality gave us poems full of color and vitality for which we should be thankful." Furthermore it is urged that his poetic sentiments as found in his various poems stand in glaring contradiction; but in reply to this adverse criticism the

Literature

statement will suffice that his short life prevented the organizing of the experiences that filled his days. As the best summary of his rank as a poet, it will serve the purpose well to quote the lines of W. W. Gibson written in memory of Brooke:

“He’s gone.
I do not understand.
I only know
That as he turned to go
And waved his hand
In his young eyes a sudden glory shone:
And I was dazzled by a sunset glow,
And he was gone.”

The Running Stream

E. I. Hession '34

Gems are set in gold;
But in an emerald gem itself,
As wide as the meadow at my feet,
A running stream
Has carved its bed.
No tines are here required
To hold what’s precious in its place;
No facets need be ground
To mock the brightness of the sun.
If variable in hue
A gem must be to please the eye,
Then this running stream
May well defy
The most serene and rarest gem
In flash and brilliancy.
What if its bed be only gritty soil
If that which mars its purity
Will be eschewed?
And thus the stream of life should flow
Though scotched by banks of toil and care:
May it too eschew
What mars its joys
And, as a liquid gem of limped hue,
Flow gaily onward to its end.

Summer

Patrick Thomas

The air is redolent with song
As summer glides across the world.
Languid is the stream that flows along
Humming as if half asleep a simple lullaby.
Green is the wheat rich laden with the milk of nature's deep
full breast.
The apple trees bend low
With treasured fruit of ruby and of emerald; and so
Aladdin's fair garden springs up enchanted to renew
Memories old and tender, sweet and strong
That throng
The blooming ways
Of olden days
Along.
Tall is the corn gently swaying to the music of the breeze
As it plays a dancing melody in the singing trees.
Against the sky
Floating lazily I see June's banner now unfurled,
Bringing promise of a cooler day and cooling showers
Of silver rain and rest
From glowing heat.
Look up—behold,
Like knights of old
The serried ranks of war with banners waving meet
In conflict; hear
God's cannon roar within the darkening sky;
Behold the flashing of His sword
As He upon His chariot fleet
Goes thundering by.
Wind scourged is the land and lashed with sharp edged rain.
The growing grain
And flowers
Prostrate lie before the Lord.
But in His seeming anger He is kind.
See the scattering of His cloudy host
Before the conquering wind,—
The humbling of their bannerd boast.
See the sun smile through
A sky of deepest blue;
See it blazing like a gem
Opalescent in God's diadem.
Sweetly smells the earth with the perfume of the sudden shower,
And brightly glows each silken petaled flower.
Bravely serene the ripening corn stands
Beneath the benediction of God's holy hands;
Green is the blossomed hem
Of His rain pearled robe upon the fields
As Summer to the God of beauty homage gladly yields.
The song of birds is joyful on the air,
And God's blessing like the summer's perfume is found everywhere.

God-Orphaned Russia

James Scott '35

Second Prize, Alumni Essay Contest

OVER the steppes of Russia rules a godless power built upon the veneer of the Tsars; its piles are sunk deep in the Industrial Revolution; its deeds, red-mantled with the blood of its helpless Siberian victims, reach the zenith of achievement in the abolition of royalty and the assassination of the royal family. Upon this kind of altar does Communism adore, divorced from God, divorced from religion, divorced from family ties, divorced even from the word sacred. Social evils are explained in the phrase, "The state can do no wrong;" achievements have a purpose only in reference to the state; man is not a spiritual reality, but a servant only of the state. His glory must inevitably be bound up with a God-orphaned state which rules with an iron-clad fist. Community of purpose, community of wealth, community of resources are but empty phrases in this state, which convey no reality but only mystery dreams. Marriage under the invoked tyranny of Russia means little more than a scrap of paper signed before a civil official; promiscuity is promoted by divorce signed before the same official. The home which supplies the motive force for all ambition, and which is the dynamo of progress, the power plant of civilization itself, has been destroyed. Home life, the nucleus of happiness, has been toppled down from its citadel where it was built by God in Eden's confines.

Out of paradise came the law of monogamous marriage, a law that has in view the happiness of the home and the

welfare of children. Home is the school wherein experience lays down the fundamental demands of sacrifice, wherein love is tested by fire, wherein children imbibe the wisdom of God at the feet of their fathers and mothers. Until the home knows the blessing of children, heaven sent and heaven bound, it is little more than a place for eating and sleeping. A child's laugh, a child's tottering footsteps, a child's cry are the real jewels that decorate the crown for husband and wife. In the home the child learns its first lessons of God, its duties towards its parents, and begins to sense the duties and obligations that are fundamental to the progress of civilization. Destroy the home, and social virtues will perish in the ruins; devastate the family, and the civilized state will hurry to defeat.

God-orphaned Russia has destroyed the family; husband and wife are but brutes living in concubinal liaison which can be started and severed at will; children are the property of the state. If children prove burdensome, liquidate the burden by starvation. Education means herding them in state institutions where the only God is Communism, where the state is deified, where fairy tales are forbidden by law unless they glorify Lenin. Disbelief in God is a prime requisite to be classed as a Red; economic and industrial factors impress upon the child that material happiness is the only goal worth the effort. Anything spiritual, like the soul, is mocked and derided with Voltairean complacency by the so-called

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educators. In a plan of this kind, ambition, love, and inspiration for what is noble and good, for what is civilized and enjoyable, are but myths. As culture is judged on its merits and achievements, so chaos and disorder have at all times been judged as being the preludes to retrogression and dissolution. Where the latter prevail there can be no advancement.

Civilized nations possess a right and duty to protest against despotism, and against any governmental regime which ignores the natural rights of man. The home is the birthright of the human race; it is the axis of civilization. Organized society exists to protect, defend, and render assistance to the family and to

the home. "For our altars and our homes," has ever been the battle cry of nations against tyranny and oppression. Christ, who has bequeathed to us our heritage, our culture and civilization, came from a home, the humble home of Nazareth. He prepared Himself in that home before his public ministry began. Following the example and the teachings of Christ, nations that have adopted Christianity and understand its blessings naturally feel themselves duty bound to protest against the de-Christianizing of a fellow nation at the hands of a usurping government whose personnel gives every evidence of being conceived in iniquity, reared in vice, and bent on ruthless shedding of blood. God save Russia!

Courage

J. A. Jacobs '34

Though Nature touches thee with most inclement hands,
Thou standest there a gallant Pine on high
As if in duty bound to pierce the sky
Or play the Titan proud in gay Elysian lands.
If wintry winds which through thy branches hoarsely sigh
And weave thy twigs into a frantic lyre
On which they strum their notes in chill desire
Cannot undo thy strength; then thou shalt never die.

E'en like the Pine, in life's grim fray we too must stand
And brave temptation's winds that roughly blow,
As well as idle words from friend or foe
That rudely kill the soul, though they seem coy and bland.
In courage then our proudest honor lies,
For by its might our life e'en death defies.

What is Recreation?

John Samis '35

Third Prize, Alumni Essay Contest

FAG-ENDS! Of all the 'ends' in point of time, fag-ends are the most inviting to recreation. They come at the close of weeks and at the close of days. Everything seems to fag after a period of use. Even the universe, so it is said, is hurrying along to be fagged out. But who cares about the universe? What concerns people is the fag-ends of days and weeks. To knock out the fagged feeling at those periods of time, recreation is sought in order to restore frazzled nerves, tired muscles, aching bones, and depressed humor. Hence the untold variety of recreational modes as every kind of fagging must have its specific remedy.

To kill a fag is, of course, desirable, even if the particular tired feeling results from nothing worse than sheer ennui, but the methods to be used in this process naturally change with the whim and mood of individual human beings. One will seek to relieve himself from the pinch and irritability arising from overwrought nerves by fidgeting, by talking, by speeding in a motor car, and by any other such means as really tend to increase the trouble in place of working relief. These persons have forgotten how to play. Seemingly they have developed a prejudice against the word play; with them everything must tend to profit. Little do they reckon that profit and work are likewise games with only this distinction that play-games imply rest and diversion, while profit-games usually imply overdoing oneself. But the sensible man will see that play is reasonable providing it comes at the fag-

end of work, but it should be reasonable play, namely, of a kind that will aid in building up run down bodies and shattered nerves.

Now as to the way in which most people try to figure out their favorite recreation it may be noted that they differ little from amateur mathematicians who experiment blindly with one theory or another in the hope of arriving at the correct answer. But every attempt proves futile because they do not know the factors which enter into the problem. Similarly the person whose nerves are on edge must know the nature of the kind of leisure suitable to him. But considering the busy times into which the world of today has fallen, it would be amusing, if it were not so pathetic, to observe nervous people jump from one dissipation to another in the dizzy hope that recovery for them, together with physical ease, lies just around the corner. The trouble with them is that they always turn the wrong corner just as the amateur mathematician usually employs the wrong digits.

With the other sorts of fagging, whether it be tiredness of muscles, twitching of joints, or bad humor, conditions obtain in present day life that are nothing different from the vexations incident to frazzled nerves, and the manner of choosing remedies is in every way similar when there is question of seeking relief through recreation. To broadcast the truth in just so many words that people in general are incapable of entertaining themselves rationally ac-

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according to their individual requirements would be nothing short of delivering an offensive smart to their sensibilities. Yet their incapacity in this matter, as is only too well known to every thinking person, has been exploited by supposed recreational wizards to the extent of thousands of dollars. What then is essentially wrong with prevailing recreational practices?

The outstanding defect of all present-time recreation is an abnormal craving for excitement—just the thing that ought to be avoided. The million-dollar prize fight receipts are proof for this statement. The calm companionship belonging to the old-time social visit with its soothing talk about little ‘nothings’ has fallen out of favor. In its place there must be a nerve-prostrating motor race, a squirt of blood from beneath the fist that delivers a stunning blow, a salacious movie that besots the mind, or a radio blast that bursts the ear drum. Is there reason for wonder that people are nerve-fagged, brain-fagged, muscle-fagged, and bone-sore when they keep themselves bombarded by excitement sufficiently keen to make a savage whoop and yell in ecstasy? Why recreation, if this is the form it must take? There is no longer any need to refer to what the ancient Romans did in order to find reasons to depreciate their barbaric tastes and to allow people of the present day to rest in smug conceit as to their superiority in civilized tastes.

What has become of the quiet hours of delightful reading that were a comfort to bodily tiredness and even to bad humor? Reading, of course, still holds place, but it has turned into a hectic, uneasy, mind-battering practice given to

voracious mental newspaper guzzling that is usually more irritating than soothing, and if it is not sufficiently irritating then it is supplemented with this or that hot-dog tabloid. Gone are the old pleasant fireside stories that were an opiate for the neurasthenic, a remedy for sore-headedness, a solace in lonely hours, and a bracer for a smile. Gone are likewise the agreeable social visits, as people have no time for them with their luncheons and hilarious gaiety. Gone are the occasions for leisurely strolls in which people had time to give attention to their mutual opinions and ideas. In place of these superb recreations, a mad rush has set in that permits taking account of nobody outside of the individual who is doing the rushing, and as one rushes, everybody rushes.

If recreation is to be what the name implies, then all this present-day panicky rushing must subside. Life would be more glorious if it did subside. Fewer people would die of heart trouble. Besides there would be more time for that pleasant, social living which has always been the real joy of life. But if that mode of living is to come again, the dead and gone, the time-embalmed recreational facilities of former days will have to be resurrected. What a joy it would be to see them return into vogue. The amusement abetter who is looking more for money than social benefit would then pass out of the ring, and people would once more come to understand what genuine recreation implies. What it means for the grown-up is real, invigorating, restful amusement, what it implies for the young person is calm and hilarious companionship, what it implies for the child is running a race in the home yard or

Literature

down the street or sidewalk with a dog, or the joining in games suitable for children without the supervision or the expense of the organized playground. May hopes be entertained that these happy times with their real beneficial re-

creation will return? Surely these times lie just around the corner, but like the good times that lie just around the corner when a depression prevails, they are never found because people think it too difficult to turn at the proper corner.



Mr. Circey's Stone

Chester Bowling '34

D. M. U. Prize Story

AT length it has arrived," mused Mr. Circey to himself. "That stone was long in coming, and now after all this waiting, how am I to get it?" With these and other thoughts vexing his mind Mr. Circey passed to and fro in his dingy room all the while puffing nervously at his briar pipe. He had received notice that a package had come to his address at the express office. It could not possibly contain anything else but that particular stone for which he had sent, but for very serious reasons he could not call for it personally. In the country of Russia, persons in his position had to keep very carefully under cover.

Presently his meditations were interrupted by a sharp rap at the door. He went to turn the lock, but before he laid his hand on the doorknob, Ivan Rendelejev rushed into the room.

"Oh, it is you, Ivan," Mr. Circey exclaimed delightedly. "Have you been in any trouble lately?"

"No," replied Ivan, "I merely came over to see if you had any errands for me to run this morning."

"An errand for you I have," answered Mr. Circey, "be seated; let me explain."

Taking a chair, Ivan turned his attention to what his older partner in the architectural business had to say. His eyes brightened when he heard Mr. Circey tell him about the shipment that was now waiting at the express office. Yes, Ivan would go and bring that package which, as he was informed, contained nothing more than a stone. But a stone of a particular kind it was; something

more than a sample of building material. To get that stone would imply a serious risk; Ivan knew as much. But he was hale and hearty and still quite young. What if Feodore Petrovisch, the spy, who watched over the express office with eagle eyes should come in his way? Being fleet of foot and stout of sinew, Ivan was prepared to elude any spy. Very quickly he was on his way to the express office. As he called for the package addressed to Mr. Circey, the express clerk remarked:

"For Circey, eh! I shall have to open the package and inspect its contents. Government rules, you know."

Ivan's heart began to pound as he saw the clerk tear open the package and observed how scrutinizingly the spy, Petrovisch, eyed what it contained.

"Only a stone," said the clerk in a rather disappointed tone of voice to Petrovisch. "Just a sample of building stone from the United States. I can see nothing objectionable in that, only I cannot understand why several holes should be drilled into it, and why these holes should be covered with cement? But you may take it, lad," he said turning to Ivan.

"Yes," replied Ivan, "Mr. Circey is an architect and occasionally has material sent to him both for inspection and for use."

"Hold," said the clerk, and turning to Petrovisch he continued, "is Mr. Circey listed as an architect on your register?"

"Yes," answered Petrovisch, "even so."

As Ivan took the stone and hurried away, Petrovisch began to think hard. Had he not broken several stones of that very kind, one and all of them addressed to architects, only to find that they were stones intended for religious purposes, and that the architects to whom they were addressed had been sent to Siberian prison camps? He would find out more about this stone and about this Mr. Circey, the architect. With this thought in mind he hurried away after Ivan.

Thinking all was safe, Ivan proceeded leisurely on his way. But how greatly surprised he was when accidentally looking back, he caught a glimpse of Petrovisch following him. He quickened his step; changed his course several times, but was unable to shake off the persistent spy. Gradually becoming ashamed of acting the part of a coward, he resolved to meet his pursuer on equal grounds and now walked so slowly that Petrovisch soon came within speaking distance.

"Say lad," shouted the spy, "let me see that package again."

Ivan, having done away with the name and particularly with the address of Mr. Circey, readily consented. Petrovisch looked at the package closely and growling roughly asked:

"Tell me plainly, serf, to whom does this package belong? What does he want with that stone? If you'll not be plain and in a hurry to tell too, I'll wrench the words from your sluggish lips."

"Can't tell and won't tell," Ivan retorted.

"Well, then I'll see if a little pain will not open your mouth," Petrovisch threat-

ened and grabbing Ivan's arm he gave it several severe twists.

"Help! help!" cried Ivan in pain. Several peasants who heard the cry ran to the scene of trouble, but Petrovisch, displaying the badge of his authority as a Russian official, quickly dispersed them. Ivan seeing that all chance for help was gone, grabbed the package and sought to escape with it. But Petrovisch came hot in pursuit. Approaching Ivan from the rear, he caught him by the nape of the neck and twirled him to the ground. Flashing a revolver in sight he blurted out:

"Now, dog, tell me all about the fellow to whom this stone belongs. I suspect the meaning of that stone. It is one of the kind used on your accursed Catholic altars, and the one for whom you are getting it is not only an architect, but also a priest. It is him whom I want. I shall send him off to Siberia where neither priests nor architects are needed. Now out with what I want to know, or I'll crash this confounded stone over your thick and dirty skull."

By this time Ivan was on his feet again. For a moment he thought of seizing the stone and hurling it into the face of his assailant. But it was a blessed object; he would not debase it by profane use. However, he had to act very quickly. There was no use in trying to run away now. Bracing himself momentarily, he made a rush for the feet of Petrovisch intending to hurl him to the ground. A pistol shot rang out, and Ivan felt the bullet drilling into his side. But he was not seriously hurt. He succeeded in throwing Petrovisch to the ground and with the speed of a wild cat closed his sinewy fingers about the old

The St. Joseph's Collegian

ruffian's throat. But the wily Petrovisch brought his revolver into action again and this time with more telling effect. Ivan felt that he had been badly wounded. In his excitement, he closed his grip still tighter, only to find to his astonishment that all of a sudden the body of the spy grew limp and lay still. He had strangled his enemy to death. Though badly wounded, he forgot about his wounds in the feeling of despair that came upon him because of the death of Petrovisch. He had not intended to kill the man; in his excitement and self-defence he had overlooked what he was doing.

With what strength was left in him, Ivan now picked up the stone and tried to make his way to the home of Mr. Circey. He had not gone far when Mr. Circey came to meet him.

"Any trouble, Ivan?" inquired Mr. Circey, "I feared that some ill luck had overtaken you; hence I came out part of the way to meet you. But what has befallen you? You are bleeding and your clothing is badly torn?"

"I have met with serious trouble," answered Ivan, "but help me to your home; I am badly hurt. Perhaps I shall have strength enough left to tell you what happened."

Seeing that Ivan was almost exhausted, Mr Circey spoke to him no further, but assisted him home and got him to

bed. A physician was summoned, but nothing could be done for Ivan. After a period of rest, he rallied enough to tell his story to Mr. Circey, whom in the privacy of his home he addressed as Father. That the altar stone had been brought home safely gave much pleasure to Ivan, but the strangling of Petrovisch, though unintentional, caused him much worry. Father Circey, however, calmed Ivan's conscience by proving to him that guilt in this case was not on his side. Finally the Last Sacraments were administered, and Ivan's soul departed from this world.

On the morning after Ivan's death, Father Circey celebrated a Requiem Mass for the repose of his soul at which the altar stone was used which Ivan had brought home at the expense of his life. No annoyance came to the priest because of the death of Feodore Petrovisch. The peasants who had witnessed part of the scuffle between him and Ivan naturally would make no report, as they cordially hated the spy, and no one could really give an account as to how Petrovisch lost his life. One thought alone was uppermost in the mind of Father Circey, namely, that as long as such faith as Ivan possessed was to be found in the young men of Russia, the church would never die in that land no matter how ruthless the means its enemies might employ to uproot religion.

Review



REVIEW

Vacation days of the summer of 1933 came to a close. On Monday, September 11, registration day, the forty-third scholastic year opened at St. Joseph's College. On the following day, after the customary Solemn High Mass, the two hundred and seventy students making up the enrollment, hurried to their appointed classes. On the afternoon of the day, strolls were taken about the premises of the college for the purpose of becoming ac-

quainted with favorite nooks and haunts. By the evening of the day everybody was well settled down and ready for work.

In the ranks of the Faculty several vacancies had occurred. These were filled by the Reverend Fathers Joseph Hiller, Sylvester Ley, Clarence Kroeckel, and Francis Hehn, who, having completed their work at the Catholic University with honors and degrees, now devoted themselves to teaching.

EXAMINATIONS

It is not all mere happy living at St. Joseph's. Quarterly, a very earnest inquiry is made into the progress of every student by what is commonly known as examinations. Failure to reach the normal per cent in class work in these examinations, means conditioning for a period of time necessary to bring delinquents up to the mark. For the

present school year by far the most of the students appear to have survived the storms of examinations successfully; and some of them even reached special distinctions. Among those who took real laurels are William McKune, Joseph Allgeier, Carl Vandagriff, Alfred Horrigan, Thomas Buren, and William Conces.

INNOVATIONS

Change and progress have been the watchwords at St. Joseph's during the past year in particular. The Raleigh Billiard Hall has been renovated; a biological laboratory has been installed with altogether new equipment; bleachers have been provided for the basketball arena to accommodate spectators. New organizations have been formed such as the

Monogram Club and the Glee Club. The Monogram Club affords a place of special retreat for those who have won their 'letters' in athletics, while the Glee Club under the direction of Professor Paul C. Tonner, B. A., provides ample exercise in vocal culture. Both clubs, though new, have put their worth to the test with excellent results.

DRAMATICS

Dramatic work at St. Joseph's is open to all students who are willing to show the necessary grit and spirit required in stage performances. But it is a noteworthy fact that the out-going class of '34 has made a record all its own by presenting "Believe Me, Xantippe" and "Tommy." In cast and presentation both

these plays reached such perfection that they may be said to have exceeded amateur exhibitions by so wide a margin as to justify classing them with expert dramatic achievements. Seldom has a class at this institution given evidence of better stage presence, than the "Big Boys" of this year have done.

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ALUMNI

Homecoming Day, April 29, was as usual the happiest day in the school year at St. Joseph's. The celebration really began on the preceding day when a large number of the Alumni gathered for an annual meeting that was to reach far into the night and to continue over the entire following day. Music by the college band furnished amusement on the campus shortly after the opening of the celebration. On the eve of the great day itself, the C. L. S., the old stand-by society of the college, presented the very humorous, three-act comedy, "Tommy," to the delight of the visitors. What time was left after the play up to the hour of retiring was given to that variety of pleasant conversation as is customary when friends meet after a period of separation.

After Solemn Services for the deceased members of the association on the morning of Alumni Day, arrangements were in order for the annual Alumni-Varsity baseball game. Amid customary cheers and boos, the game proceeded vigorously with the Varsity in the lead until the close of the game was near at hand. The Alumni then got their second wind and hurried to tie the score at 7 to 7. A few interesting disputes held place concerning the score, but finally everybody agreed that it was correct as it stood.

At noon a banquet was served for the Alumni, and immediately after the banquet, the regular annual meeting of the organization was held. Official business having been dispatched, the election of officers for the ensuing year was in order. Those elected are as follows: Mr.

Constantine J. Fecher, Ph. D., President; Mr. Bernard B. Lear, L. B., first Vice-president; the Rev. Francis L. Fate, A. B. second Vice-president; Mr. Henry J. Hip-skind, Secretary-Treasurer; the Rev. M. B. Koester, C. PP. S., M. A., Historian; Mr. John G. Kallal and the Rev. Leo Breitenbach, Executive Committee; the Rev. Anthony J. Tompkins, the Rev. Christian Staab, C. PP. S., and the Rev. Herman A. Klocker, A. B., Essay Judges; the Rev. Theodore Fettig, Mr. Joseph LaMere, and Mr. Norbert L. Gerlach, as Auditing Committee.

The day ended with much jolly leave-taking and with expressed resolves on the part of every one to be back for Homecoming Day at dear old St. Joseph's next year.

An interesting notice has just come along from Piqua, Ohio, telling us that Dr. John T. Quirk, an alumnus of '17, has been elected to a fellowship in the American College of Physicians at a recent meeting held by that organization in Chicago. While physicians mostly seek the honors of fellowship in this organization, Dr. Quirk found the honors extended to him by invitation because of his important researches made at the University of Minnesota. As fellow alumni, we wish Dr. Quirk every success in the excellent work he is pursuing.

Among the echoes arising from the repeated shouts that schools are closing, we hear the news filtering through that Caspar Heimann, Michael G. Hnat, and Francis J. Denka of the class of '28 will be ordained to the holy priesthood very soon. Congratulations! Caspar, we remember you most clearly as the first

Review

editor of the St. Joseph's Collegian when it came out of oblivion into its second growth some years ago.

With sincerest regrets we note that Mr. Gregory Klein, alumnus of '21, has

met with an accident that brought sudden death to him. To the members of his family, we extend cordial sympathies in this very sad bereavement.

THE NEW STAFF

As the final issue of the Collegian goes to press it is much in place to publish the names of the newly chosen Staff members upon whom the care of the journal will devolve during the coming school year. The new Editor is George LaNoue. Assistant Editor, James Thornbury. Associate Editors are: Donald Foohey, John Samis, and James Scott. Contributing Editors are: Rudolph Bierberg, George Heinzen, Michael Stohr, Edward Maziarz, Vetter Biven, Albert Ottenweller Norbert Loshe, and Allard Saffer. De-

partment Editors are: Edward McCarthy and Anthony Gamble, Books; Justin Serocyanski and James O'Connor, Locals; Henry Martin and William Hartlage, Alumni; James Quinn and George Muresan, Clubs; Ambrose Heiman, Exchanges; John Labadie, Humor; Anthony Suelzer and J. Ward Penny, Business Managers.

The out-going Staff congratulates the new Staff upon the positions assigned to them and wishes them severally and collectively a hearty God's speed.

CONROY ORATORY CONTEST

Among the public activities at the college, the most classical in every respect is the annual Conroy Oratory Contest. Msgr. Thomas M. Conroy, Rector of the Cathedral of the Immaculate Conception, Ft. Wayne, has organized this contest at the College years ago. It is still going as strong as ever, and is one of the chief incentives for progress in public speaking among the local students.

The Contest is annually held on the feast of the Ascension, a feast which this year came on May 10. The first prize, a beautiful gold medal, went to Edward Fischer; second and third places are held respectively by William McKune and Alfred Horrigan. Musical selections enlivened the Contest at intervals and aided in stirring the spirit of the speakers.

SENIOR NIGHT

Long awaited, but finally a reality, Senior Night with its program has come and gone on May 6. Music, together with several comic skits, made up the entertainment. Among the comic doings were "Tuning In," "By Elimination," and "Lessons in Magic" written by Anthony Traser; and "The Burning of Rome," a comic operetta, written by Edward Fischer. Both these writers belong to the

class of '34. The program was pleasantly amusing and received many compliments.

A class feed in the Raleigh Club rooms closed the doings of the evening. The next day was a Monday, and a most thoroughly blue one it was, following, as it did, upon a more than ordinarily happy time.

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COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES

On June 4th and 5th, the class of '34 will gladly welcome the usual graduation exercises that will occupy what is known as the Commencement Days. During the afternoon of June 4, visitors will be entertained by a band concert on the college campus. In the evening the annual Musicale will be staged to take the place of the customary play. A bigger and more pretentious Musicale has been arranged for this year than was held at any time in the past at the college. It will consist of two parts; each part will be a unit in itself. During the interlude between the first and second parts, Mr. Dominic Altieri of the class of '34 will give an address on Music.

The entire program will be a departure from the manner in which Commencement Exercises have been conducted at St. Joseph's in all past times. Beyond doubt, the program will be as amusing as it is novel. Professor Paul C.

Tonner and Father Joseph Hiller, C. PP. S., will conduct this Musicale. Considering the preparations that have been made for it, great hopes are reasonably entertained that the event will be thoroughly interesting.

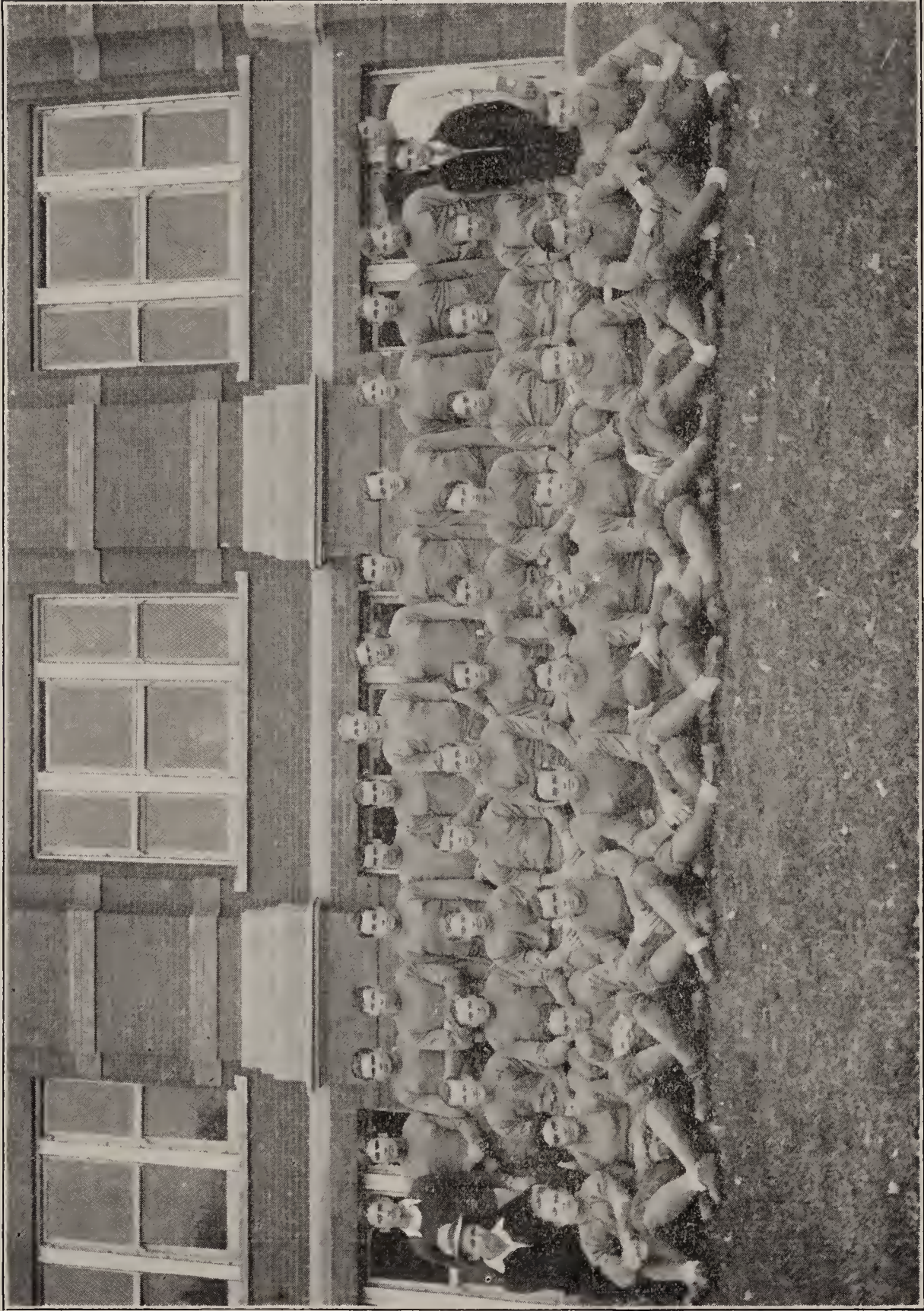
The morning of June 5 will witness the exercises for which the class of '34 has been waiting through many years. These exercises on Commencement Day will be conducted by the Very Rev. Rector, Joseph B. Kenkel, C. PP. S., Ph. D. The class considers itself fortunate in having the Rev. Lawrence D. Monahan, alumnus '05, as baccalaurean. Immediately after the address by Father Monahan, His Excellency, The Most Rev. John F. Noll, D. D., Bishop of Ft. Wayne, will award the diplomas and medals. The farewell address by the Valedictorian of the class will then close the exercises, and the class of '34 will henceforward be known as alumni of St. Joseph's.

SPORTS





COACH RAYMOND DeCOOK, B. Sc.



First Row—Smith, Yacobian, Quinn, Altieri (Co-Captain), Fontana (Co-Captain),
 Bisig, Lengerich, Weaver, Leuterman, Armbruster, and Krechmer.
 Second Row—Elder (Student Manager), Scott, Sheehan, Kruetzer, Flynn, LaNoue,
 Gannon, Steininger, Walsh, Masons, Foos, Smolar, and Tiernan.
 Last Row—Biven, DeCocker, Conces, O'Grady, Scheidler, LaFontain, Rager, Bierberg,
 Kuhn, McCrate, Penney, Rotterman, Kostka, Heckman, and Coach DeCook.

FOOTBALL

Fourth down, a half minute to go, with the ball resting seven yards from a touchdown! St. Joe's quarterback barks the final signals of the game and of the season. Shift to the left, quarterback passing to the left half. The ball is in the air, the left half is waiting, his hands are on it—he stepped over for a touchdown as the final gun cracked out the end of the game!

Yes, it's just like in story books, and it's how the St. Joe Cardinals came back to tie the lead of their opponents who had scored early in the game. The season as far as victories are concerned, was not successful. But if one considers experience gained during the season, it was very successful. St. Joe men for the past nine years have been playing football only intramurally with no one employing the weapons of rabbit-punching and elbowing to gain a desired end. This year marked a break in those nine years, and St. Joe again played inter-scholastic football. The Cardinals were

frightfully green in the first game of the season with the Valparaiso University Freshmen and they took a beating 13-6. But in the next game, a smarter, more experienced team took the field with St. Viator's Frosh. In this game experience showed its benefit, and that coupled with a do-or-die spirit, aided St. Joe to come back to tie an early lead into a 6-6 knot. It is a well-founded opinion on the campus that if St. Joe had played more games they would have showed "them thar teams a thing or three!"

In the Senior Intramural League the sturdy Seniors had soft sailing and took the majority of their underclassmen into camp quite easily. Football was king at St. Joe this year. Even those who didn't make the Varsity or Senior League teams had their games on the main campus, and it is said that on the campus with these games in progress, the Varsity men observed how to employ their own personal skill secretly and effectively.



Seated—Andres, Bruskotter, Downey, Leuterman (Student Manager), Hession, Beeler, and Bubala.

Standing—Rev. Theodore Koenn, Athletic Director; Van Nevel, Horrigan, Shank, Traser, Petit, Fontana, Scheidler, Captain; and Coach DeCook.

BASKETBALL

Exciting and thrilling, nip and tuck, were the tell-tale traits of the Cardinal basketball season for 1933-1934. Things however, looked a little blue for the success of the team until the latter half of the schedule was reached. And then St. Joe's Cardinals showed their might and started winning to pull down a .500 per cent average for the season.

Coach DeCook had arranged a much tougher schedule for this year than ever before. Hence it was that the Cardinals got their first taste of big-time basketball when they had a chance to play teams from Valparaiso University and from DePaul University. That St. Joe had to take a beating each time was expected, but the beating was not taken without profit and lasting experience. The 'grit and go' which the St. Joe quintet put forward in these games proved conclusively that if just a little more strength had been on their side, they might have come out of these big-time engagements with more points to their credit.

The Cardinal first team for the year was composed of Captain Scheidler, together with such able players as Fontana, Horrigan, Downey and Hession. By being graduated, the first three mentioned, will drop out of the ring. Furthermore, Traser and Petit will be lost. Three letter men, however, will return, and these, together with a lot of promising material ready at hand, will make up a Cardinal quintet for 1934-'35 that bids fair to do excellent work even in the face of the tough schedule drawn up for next year. Leadership for the

Cardinals is assured with Hession and Downey acting as co-captains.

In the Senior League, close games with remarkable surprises were the order of the season. Throughout the tussle, the Fifth-Year quintet led the way to the pennant; the young but powerful Fourths, however, followed in hot pursuit for this honor. The best the Seniors could do, after supplying the Varsity with good players, was to break even. The Thirds snuffed out the Seconds for fourth place, and the Freshie-Sophomore combination had to be content to rest in the cellar.

The classic of the intramural basketball season, the annual College-High game, was won by the Collegiates after a serious battle by the score of 22 to 20.

Something entirely new in the annals of St. Joe's came along this year when the Freshie-Sophomore Midgets were matched with a quintet coming from St. Mark parish, Cincinnati. The St. Joe Midgets won in what may be called a walk-away, 34-15. This game was arranged by the Rev. Rupert Landoll, C. PP. S., a former professor at St. Joe's and now pastor of St. Mark parish. Welcome again, St. Mark!

For the basketball season, 1934-'35, Coach DeCook and the Rev. Theodore Koenn have arranged a stiff schedule with the cream of the Junior Colleges in the Mid-West. This schedule comprises 17 games, only two of which are outside of college competition. Yet even these two games, though planned with the parish team of St. John's, Whiting, Ind., are considered to belong to the hardest prospects on the schedule.

Basketball Schedules

SEASON 1933-1934		SEASON 1934-1935	
S.J.C. 22	Kokomo College 10.	December 1934—	
S.J.C. 22	North Judson Indpdts. 25.	1	Kokomo College H
S.J.C. 37	St. John's (Whiting) 34.	6	Central Normal T
S.J.C. 23	Gallagher College 25.	8	Huntington College H
S.J.C. 13	Huntington College 15.	14	Gallagher College H
S.J.C. 29	Valparaiso University 41.	15	Manchester College T
S.J.C. 23	Goodland Indpdts. 36.	20	Valparaiso University H
S.J.C. 19	Gallagher College 27.	January 1935—	
S.J.C. 32	Rensselaer Indpdts. 20.	13	St. John's (Whiting) H
S.J.C. 23	C.Y.O. (Niles Center, Ill.) 30	16	Kokomo College T
S.J.C. 31	Huntington College 16.	19	Joliet College H
S.J.C. 22	DePaul University 47.	22	Manchester College T
S.J.C. 27	St. John's (Whiting) 23.	24	Central Normal H
S.J.C. 30	Commodores (Decatur) 29.	30	Gallagher College T
S.J.C. 42	CCC Camp (Medaryville) 21	February 1935—	
S.J.C. 42	Logansport K. of C.'s 15.	2	Anderson College H
		9	Huntington College T
		16	Joliet College T
		23	Anderson College T
		March 1935—	
		2	St. John's (Whiting) T

Football Schedule 1934

Saturday, October 6, 1934	St. Joe	vs.	Rose Poly (Terre Haute)	H
Saturday, October 13, 1934	St. Joe	vs.	St. Viator Reserves	H
Saturday, October 20, 1934	St. Joe	vs.	Valparaiso University Reserves	H
Saturday, October 27, 1934	St. Joe	vs.	Manchester College	T
Saturday, November 3, 1934	St. Joe	vs.	Central Normal College	T

Humor

Scher: "Kelly is carving out a career for himself."

Scheidler: "Yeh—just a chiseler."

"Dear me," said the absent-minded professor as he fell down the stairs, "I wonder what is making all that racket."

Bowling: "Where did you get the idea that Benedict Arnold was a janitor?"

Geimer: "The history says that after his exile he spent the balance of his life in abasement."

Everyone has heard of the mailman who spent his day off taking a walk, but how many have heard of "Gabby" Storm who spent his free day blowing up toy balloons.

Volin: "When did you first suspect that Dirksen was not right mentally?"

Jacobs: "When he shook the hat and coat tree in the hall and began looking and feeling around on the floor for some apples."

Our idea of a really clever fellow is the ping-pong player who leaps the net to congratulate his victorious opponent.

Iggy: "I saw a play last night that started me thinking."

Schmitt: "Oh yeah? Well it must have been a miracle play."

Mary had a little lamb,
The lamb had halitosis,
And everywhere that Mary went,
The people held their noses.

Conces: "When do the leaves begin to turn?"

Fontana: "The night before exams."

IN THE LAND CALLED THINGS-TO-BE

In the Land called Things-To-Be

It was once upon a time
A little old man spoke to me
This crazy little rhyme.

"To me all future things are present
And all present things are past,
And all past things too are present,
And the first is like the last."

I must have borne a puzzled look
Because he laughed and said,
'I'll open wide my mystic book
And show you what's ahead."

I found the class of thirty-four
And it was such a funny sight;
Imagine seeing Hoshock sore
Or Sheehan training for a fight.

"Izzy" Welch ran a hock shop
Dom Pallone was his partner in crime;
'Schloggy" Rausch was the Irish cop
Who saw that Gannon served his time.

"Zev" Meiring was a fireman brave,
'Iggy" still carried that curl on his head
'Spitz" Pettit was still the knave
As he dunked his daily bread.

Now this may all sound queer to you,
But it's all quite clear to me,
'Cause the little old man said it was true
In the land called, Things-To-Be.

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Petit: "How do you account for your success as a futurist artist?"

Fischer: "I use a model with the hiccoughs."

Of all sad words of tongue or pen
The saddest are, "I've flunked again."

"Why use such a high crib for your baby?"

"So that we can hear him when he falls out."

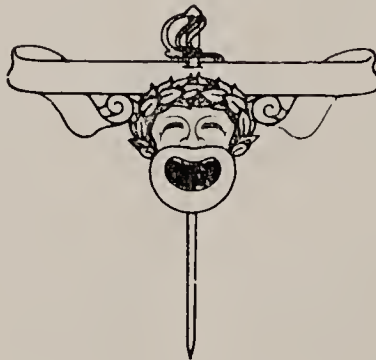
Outside of the toy animal factory,
the storm raged furiously. Inside the

machines were silent. The enraged owner dashed up to the night foreman. "Why aren't you turning out our usual quota of toy animals?" The foreman drew himself up to his full height as he replied, "I would not turn out a dog on a night like this."

And then there is the Scotchman who buried his face in his hands just before he died to save funeral expenses.

"Give me a nickel—I want to call up a friend."

"Here's a dime—call up all of your friends."



Class Directory

Allgeier, Joseph
 Altieri, Dominic
 Baird, Richard
 Balbach, Louis
 Bowling, Chester
 Buren, Thomas
 Conces, William
 Cvaniga, Stephen
 Dalton, John
 De Cocker, Gomar
 Dirksen, Richard
 Dober, Frederick
 Eilerman, Herbert
 Fischer, Edward
 Fontana, Joseph
 Gannon, Frank
 Geimer, Aloysius
 Hamme, John
 Heckmann, James
 Herbst, Herman
 Horrigan, Alfred
 Hoshock, Richard
 Hoying, Herman
 Huelsman, Myron
 Jacobs, Joseph
 Kelly, Robert
 Kelty, Charles
 Kreinbrink, Victor
 Kuhn, Rudolph
 McCrate, Thomas
 McKune, William
 Meiering, Arnold
 Migoni, Anthony
 Miller, Henry
 Nels, Vincent
 O'Leary, Joseph
 Pallone, Dominic
 Pank, Julian
 Pank, William
 Petit, Clement
 Pettit, Clarence
 Rager, Henry
 Rausch, Earl
 Rosenthal, Vernon
 Scheidler, Charles
 Scher, Eugene
 Schmitt, Bernard
 Sheehan, John
 Stohr, Michael
 Storm, Michael
 Sulkowski, Norbert
 Traser, Anthony
 Vandagriff, Carl
 Van Oss, Edmund
 Volin, Valerian

 Ward, Frank
 Welch, Delbert
 Wuest, Robert

1905 Stevens Ave.
 530 East Jefferson St.
 3110 Roanoke Ave.
 1244 Goss Ave.
 1709 West Kentucky St.

 145 West Third St.
 1719 Myrtle Ave.
 107 Vennum Ave.
 Nazareth Drapstraat

 107 West High St.
 Route No. 2
 Shepherdsville Road
 2812 Virginia Ave.
 3120 Virginia Ave.
 Rural Route No. 5
 637 South Tenth St.
 1514 Bardstown Road
 1462 East 39th St.
 1629 Jaegar Ave.
 Rural Route No. 6

 713 South Mill St.
 139 Rockwood Ave.
 858 South 23rd St.
 Rural Route No. 2

 502 Matthias St.
 112 North 38th St.
 Rural Route No. 1
 Rural Route No. 3
 1242 Summit St.
 5717 Emerald Ave.
 254 Knower St.
 1321 Hayden St.
 1102 Ash Street.
 1102 Ash Street.

 521 South 5th St.
 926 Northwood Blvd.
 718 Guendaline St.
 145 North Main St.
 Rural Route No. 1
 1617 Guilford St.
 3900 Behrwold Ave.
 221 Fairfax Ave.
 Rural Route No. 1
 Rural Route No. 2, Box 4
 8053 Hardyke St.
 454 Marian Ave.
 1008 Madison St.
 410 Blue Danube Ave.
 10313 Homeworht Ave.
 Garfield Heights

 204 E. Suttentfield St.
 2006 Cleneay Ave.

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 Louisville, Kentucky
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And it well may be forever.
But whether we meet or whether we part,
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—Richard Hovey.

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